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THE DANUBE, HIGHWAY OF RACES

From the Black Forest to the Black Sea, Europe's Most Important River Has Borne the Traffic of Centuries

BY MELVILLE CHATER

AUTHOR OF "THE SHORES OF SUNRISE," "THROUGH THE BACK DOORS OF FRANCE IN A CANADIAN CANOE," "MICHIGAN, MISTRESS OF THE LAKES," ETC., ETC., IN THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

"YOU'RE too late," announced the quay master of Turnu-Severin. "The Danube boat has gone."

"And when does the next one leave?"

"Not until the ice flows out of the Danube, next spring," he replied.

We sat down on our suitcases to think it over. With the especial purpose of taking that westbound boat, we had come by rail from the Black Sea and up the Danube Valley to Turnu-Severin. There the maritime Danube, with its sprawling delta, its reedy expanses, its marshy plains, has been left far behind.

There the Orient has been exchanged for the Occident—Moslem minarets for Greek-Orthodox domes, old Turkish gates for old Roman bridges. There a narrower Danube winds between blue, ever-lifting hills, the gateway to western Europe.

And there, unless, like us, you arrive out of season, you may board one of the big river steamers that all summer long ascend or descend through half a dozen countries lying between the Black Forest and the Black Sea.

THROUGH THE IRON GATE

"Missed your boat, eh?" said a bronzed man standing near us. "If you like, you can come as far as Orsova in my launch. You might catch something up there."

We thanked him and climbed aboard. He proved to be a Hungarian tug captain who had spent some youthful years barging on the Hudson, and he still retained glamorous memories concerning Western ways of progress along that river.

Hardly was Turnu-Severin astern when we found ourselves amid a wild swirl of waters, before whose terrific force our progress more and more resembled the freak feat of trying to mount a descending escalator. The launch quivered with propeller revolutions, yet remained almost static amid crested wavelets that flew past us, so our acquaintance said, at a speed of twelve feet per second.

At last we gained the shelter of an artificially walled channel, from which we presently emerged in midriver, beyond reach of that devil's caldron. Men call this two-mile stretch the Iron Gate, and doubtless the Argonautic heroes in their ascent gave it some equally forceful name, perhaps likening it to the battering club of Herakles.

For thousands of years the club battered, or, if you prefer, the gates clanged against craft that sneaked upshore, towed

Photograph by Melville Chater

RUMANIA'S OIL AND WHEAT TRAVEL UP THE DANUBE BY TANKER AND BARGE

The mighty river's navigable length is nearly 1,600 miles and it serves seven nations on its course from the Black Forest to the Black Sea.

by battalions of men. At last, owing to the decisions of the Berlin Congress in 1878, the rapids of the lower Danube were regulated by Hungary at a cost of $9,000,000.

"There's Ada Kaleh," remarked our acquaintance, pointing to an islet off Orsova. "Folks call it the Forgotten Island because the Berlin Congress overlooked it. Now, would you catch an island being overlooked in the Hudson? Why, there'd be an amusement park on it!"

We went ashore for a glimpse of the quaint island colony of Bosnian Moslems, who long ago built their little houses amid the encompassing ramifications of a dismantled Turkish fortress. It was as peaceful a sight as that of wild flowers carpeting an old shell crater.

Situated between political frontiers and with periodic wars hurtling up and down the Danube, these simple islanders have continued since old Turkish times to cultivate their tobacco and attar-producing roses.

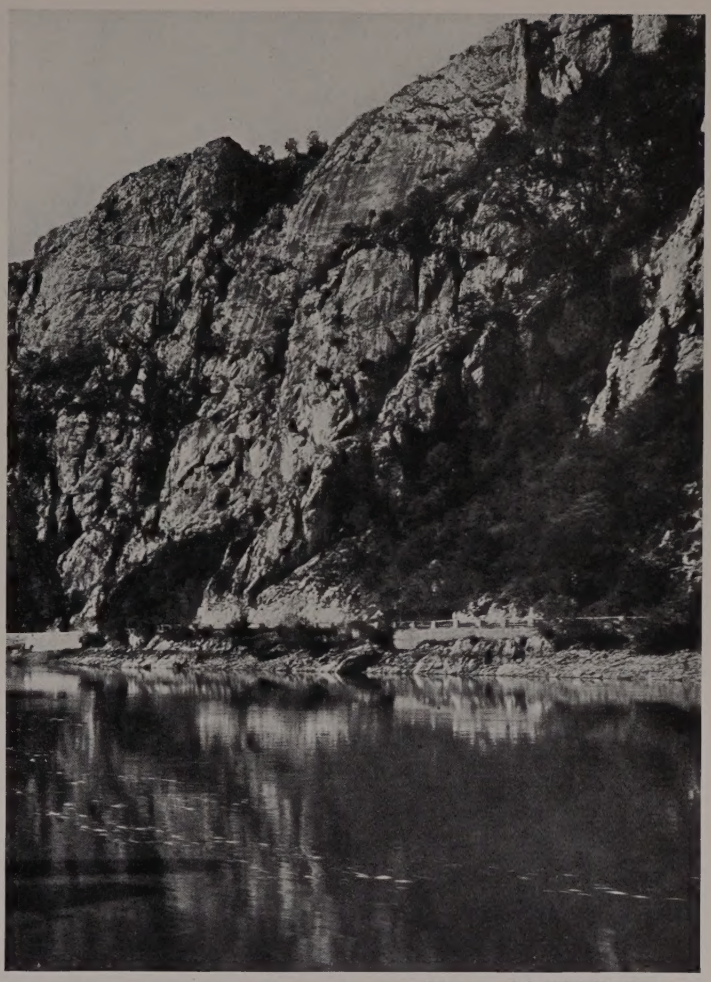
"There's a European war on," they were told during Napoleonic times. And, "Well, it's sure a fine day for it!" replied the old fellows, and went right on with their gardening. That the ensuing Berlin Conference overlooked the existence of Ada Kaleh, and hence apportioned it to no one, probably elicited little local comment beyond *"Inshallah!* As God wills it! But let's get on with our gardening." What though it has since been annexed by one Balkan State and ceded to another? What though the world rings with schemes for suppressing war? Peace or war, little Ada Kaleh keeps right on attar-making, with her serene philosophy of "I cultivate my garden."

A "SCRAMBLED" RIVER

By the time we had landed on Orsova's tree-bordered quay we had talked our good-natured tug captain into taking us with him up the Danube. The business of payment was settled over a glass of Tokay; then we moved our traps aboard, into a cosy deck cabin of the *Patria,* a 400-ton tug, destined for Regensburg, with tank barges of Rumanian oil.

"Only," the captain warned us, "to travel on a tug you must get permission from the river police. You see, the Danube is no free-and-easy Hudson. There's customs duties and enough local port regulations to make a sailorman go bald with worry. No, the Danube's more like a political conflict, with seven tickets in the field, which is to say, it flows through three kingdoms, one regency, two republics, and a social democracy."

He spread out a big chart. It showed the river's entire length to be 1,800 miles—a length that is more than double that of the Rhine and is only exceeded in Europe by that of the Volga. Its navigable portion, as shown on the chart, totaled nearly 1,600 miles; and a glance at its nine political sectors, of which three are joint—that is, shared by pairs of countries—revealed that almost one-third of the Danube's navigable length is thus shared by States which face each other from the river's opposite banks.*



Photograph by Melville Chater

TRAJAN LED ROME'S LEGIONS THROUGH THE KAZAN PASS

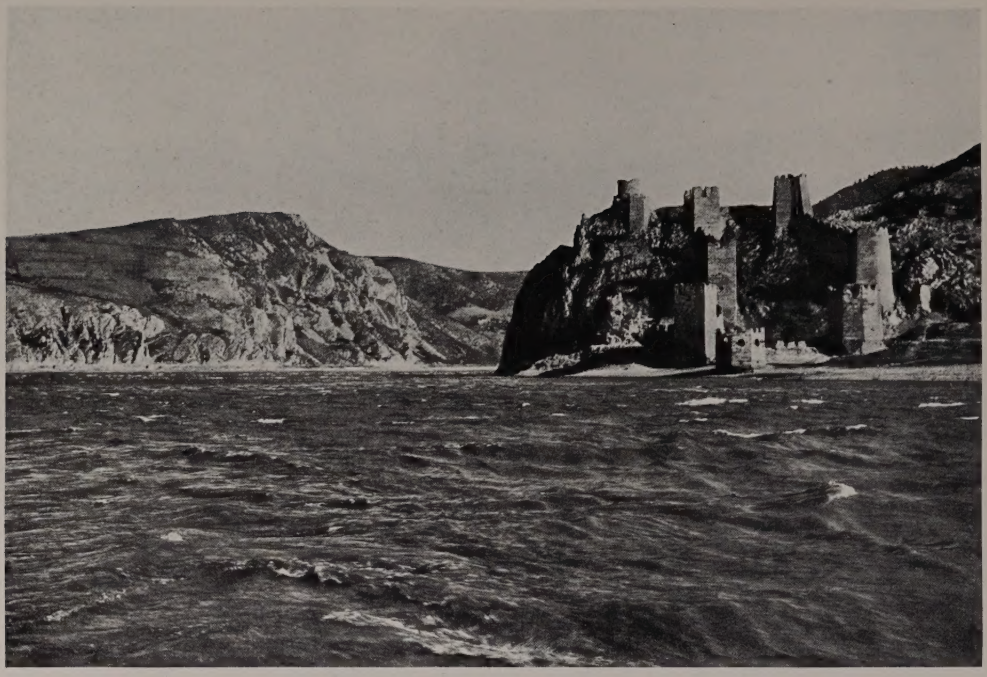
Here, shut in by almost perpendicular cliffs, the Danube narrows to less than 200 yards and is very deep. Near the base of the magnificent rock masses, just beyond reach of high water, there are still signs of the military roadway built by the Romans (see text, page 647).

Truly, a "scrambled" river! We appreciated that its police would have no such sinecure as that enjoyed by the proverbial "traffic cop in Venice." Likewise we comprehended why it has been internationalized. That step was inaugurated in 1856, and was furthered in 1921 by statutes guaranteeing freedom of navigation for all flags concerned—a pact which is safeguarded by the International Danube Commission.

The river police proved obliging in our case. With a long tow astern, the *Patria* headed upstream. Presently we entered a sheer-faced gorge of sky-cutting profiles that inclosed us in an endless vista of rock-walled waters.

Silent as twilight, primitive as when the dædal Danube wrought this passage to the sea, the Kazan Defile might easily have seemed to the early Greeks a Charon-haunted Styx leading to the underworld. Their bards called the future Danube the

* See the Map of Europe and the Near East, special supplement with this number of the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE.



THE BROKEN MASSES OF GOLUBACZ CASTLE RISE ABOVE A NARROWING DANUBE

At this point in Jugoslavia, a short distance above the Kazan Defile, mountains bear down upon the river from both sides and force it to rush madly between towering walls of rock. The spot is a key to the lower Danube and has been the site of a fortress for many centuries.

Photographs by Melville Chater

A DANUBE TUG TOWS ITS STRING OF FREIGHT-LADEN BARGES

Rising in southern Germany and flowing through six other countries before merging its waters with those of the Black Sea on the Rumanian coast, this mighty river is the most important commercial waterway of central and southeastern Europe.

Photograph by Melville Chater

THE AUTHOR TRAVELED ON THIS TWO-STACKED TUG

Under a provision of the Treaty of Versailles, the Danube was internationalized and boats of all nations may navigate its waters (see text, page 645).

Istros and dwelt in awesome terms on its "shadow-environed origin," thus placing its source at the head of the Kazan, where rapids still swirl malevolently over ledges of rock. Ancient navigation and imagination could no further go.

But the Greeks never permitted superstition to interfere with business. With sword in one hand and merchandise scales in the other, they unloaded textiles, pottery, and arms on the aborigines in exchange for furs, hemp, and slaves.

Later on, Herodotus visited what he termed "the mightiest of rivers." With singular approximation to the facts, he described the Ister as bisecting Europe, and he added a sort of Chamber of Commerce report on honey resources in a Danubian region whose vast bee armies rendered it uninhabitable.

TRAJAN CARRIED ROMAN EAGLES THROUGH THE KAZAN DEFILE

We were fairly steeping ourselves in the romantic qualities of that impassable defile—impassable for anything but boats until very recent times—when, on the side opposite the modern, cliff-skirting road, we beheld a repellent sight. Somebody or other had scratched his name in capital letters on the sheer cliff-face. Now, we had previously encountered scratchings by "Otto Schwartz, Berlin," on the Pyramids, and by "W. Brown, N. Y.," on a spire of Milan Cathedral, but we hadn't anticipated the presence of their tribe in the Kazan Defile.

"What's the ruffian's name?" I muttered. "Looks as if it began with 'Imp—.'"

"I make out 'Max,'" said my friend.

We borrowed the captain's marine glasses. Of that bleared inscription we could discern only "IMP. CAESAR . . . TRAIANUS AVG. GERM. PONT. MAXIMUS." But that was more than enough. And we agreed that Trajan, or any other Roman who could lead an army along the flat face of those river-washed cliffs by means of beam-supported galleries, had a perfect right to cut his name there!

For five centuries the Roman eagles ruled over the entire Danube—a unifying achievement that has not been repeated in two thousand years. "Father Danubius,"

Photograph by Melville Chater

SINCE THE WAR, BELGRADE HAS EXPERIENCED A BUILDING RENAISSANCE

The Royal Palace is only one of many impressive structures built or planned for the beautification of the Jugoslav capital. An ambitious scheme is also under way for the development of an extensive park system, and no effort is being spared to rejuvenate this historic Balkan city.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

OVERHEAD EXPENSE DOESN'T WORRY THESE FRUIT SELLERS

They display their wares in the street and pray for good weather. The thoroughfares of Belgrade are mostly cobbles or wooden blocks, but asphalt and stone paving is one of the first changes contemplated under the new and comprehensive city improvement plan.

a bearded river god, appeared on Roman coins. The river was divided into strategic sectors, each with its separate fleet. Of some eighty far-flung fortifications, little remains to-day except, near Regensburg, traces of the Germanic Limes, a Danube-paralleling wall raised by Rome against northern invaders.

"Trade follows the flag." Castra Regina (Regensburg), Castra Batava (Passau), and other Roman camps developed into traffic centers for grain and military stores. The Danube's second period of commerce had begun.

For two days and nights the *Patria* churned ahead between wide plains, and on the third afternoon we sighted Belgrade (Beograd). Perched high over the confluence of the Danube and the Sava, the Jugoslav capital presents a striking picture. Few European cities are situated on two such waterways, whose navigable lengths within Jugoslavia total 720 miles.

Photograph by Ewing Galloway

MISS SERBIA GOES FOR A RIDE

Instead of pushing her offspring along in a perambulator, the Serbian mother not infrequently carries the little one in a comfortable basket strapped to her back.

BELGRADE BECOMES AN OCCIDENTAL CAPITAL

One's first glimpse of Belgrade's quays, with their gaily bedizened soft-drink sellers and sweetmeat peddlers, misleads one to expect a city reflecting the colorful East. On the other hand, nothing could be more definitely, if nascently, modern than Belgrade's central plexus, where tall buildings loom over wide thoroughfares that lead through shopping, or banking, or hotel quarters.

It is only some occasional glimpse of gaily dressed peasants, or of gun-toting Montenegrins — booted, pillbox-capped, ablaze with crimson and gold—that reminds you that you are still in southeastern Europe, where costumes have not yet been entirely discarded for mere clothes.

One doesn't grasp how recent is Belgrade's occidentalization until, skirting the river-dominating Kalemegdan Park, he gains the ancient fortress at its tip; for the Turks quitted that fortress only 60-odd years ago. Serbia has been free of oriental leading strings for only half a century. And the sight of the confluence of those twin rivers, where occurred some of the

Photograph by Melville Chater

ONIONS ARE AMONG THE STRONGEST ISSUES ON THE CURB MARKET AT BELGRADE

The pungent bulbs are widely used in Jugoslavia in the preparation of *lomac*, a Balkan version of Irish stew. Most of the vegetable marketing is conducted on the street (see, also, p. 648).

most critical actions on the Serbian front during the World War, serves to remind one that it was only with the Armistice that Belgrade became the capital of a Southern Slav State which, culturally speaking, faces westward.

UNDER FIVE FLAGS ON THE DANUBE

We left Belgrade with our burden enlarged to 16 enormously long barges. They flew four different flags, while the *Patria* flew a fifth—an instance of how international a Danube tow may be. For a while vineyard-clad hills enlivened the scene, but beyond the Drava's mouth lay 150 miles of treeless, monotonous landscape, the fringes of the great Hungarian plain.

"It's rather tame here," I volunteered to the skipper. He was hopping to and fro on the bridge like a pea on a hot griddle. "Tame?" he ejaculated. "Well, what with considerably less than seven feet of water hereabouts and a lot of shifting shoals in the channel, I don't exactly have to play patience in order to keep awake. Take a look at my chart."

The chart revealed the local section of the Danube as flowing among a plexus of secondary branches that, as delineated, resembled a basketful of snakes. And then we understood why the river's surface was cut by longitudinal and lateral dikes and why levees lifted along its flat banks.

The Danube's depth is proverbially variable. What with its 16 main tributaries and hosts of lesser ones, "high water" at given points on the river may vary by 30 feet, while at "low water" even its maritime section is not navigable for boats drawing more than six feet.

Budapest peered up around a curve. We went ashore without a word of Hungarian at our command, and the first thing we encountered was a shop with an arresting sign. It ran:

POLGARILAKASBERENDEZES-VALLATAT

We stood in hushed awe before that sign. It was hypnotic; it had the allure

Photograph by Ewing Galloway

FEMININE LOVE OF ADORNMENT EXTENDS TO WORKERS IN THE FIELDS

As hers is primarily an agricultural country, the Serbian woman, who occupies a place of honor and respect in the social structure, works alongside her husband and brothers in the fields. In common with nearly all her Balkan sisters, she is an adept at the art of embroidery.

Photograph by Ewing Galloway

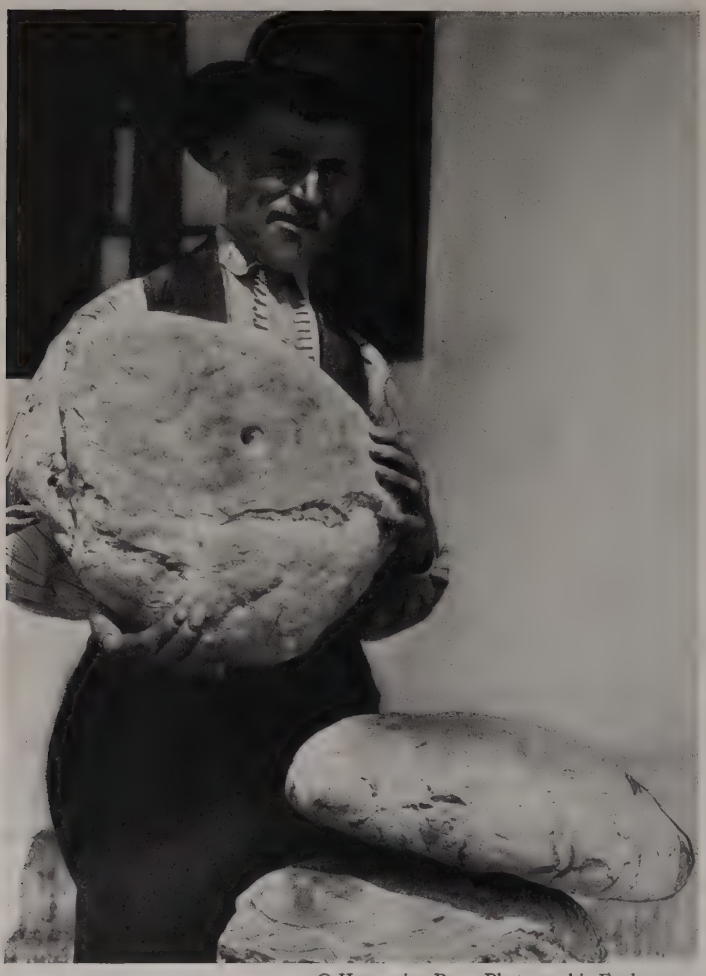
CHEAP RIVER TRANSPORTATION PLAYS A LARGE PART IN THE BUSINESS LIFE OF THE JUGOSLAV CAPITAL

Belgrade lies at the confluence of the Danube and the Sava and about midway between Constantinople and Paris. It is an enterprising industrial city and a shipping center of importance. The cargoes of these boats are grain and other bulk freight.

Photograph by Ewing Galloway

COWBOYS AT A WELL ON THE PLAINS OF HUNGARY

The land of the Magyars is particularly adapted to stock raising and the Government is doing all in its power to improve the quality of the animals, particularly milch cows.



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HUNGARIAN PEASANTS ARE GREAT BREAD EATERS

These Gargantuan loaves weigh more than 10 pounds apiece, and a grown man will sometimes consume three of them in a week.

of a skillful window-dressing. Of an English-speaking clerk, who stood in the doorway, we inquired what the word meant. Glancing down its superb vista of letters, he thus translated:

"For-those-people-of-the-middle-class-flat-furnishing-establishment."

"In other words," we queried, "furniture store?"

"Why, yes," he replied, "if you want to put it that way." He explained that Hungarian is an agglutinative language that permits you to combine half a dozen words in one, and we reflected how economic it would be if you could get past with that sort of thing on an American telegraph blank.

Certainly, whatever difficulty Hungarian presents to the outsider, it is offset by those agreeable and cosmopolitan Budapesters, who seem able to address every foreigner in his own tongue.

BUDAPEST, ONE OF EUROPE'S LOVELIEST CITIES

Not to know Budapest is to have missed one of the loveliest of European cities. It has its own distinctive stateliness that reflects the cultural flowering of a race whose kingdom has been enthroned on the Danube for a thousand years. As certain American metropolitan quarters, such as "Little Italy" or "Little Germany," reflect their mother countries in miniature, so Budapest's topography reflects on a small scale the lineaments of what, as a result of the war, is literally "Little Hungary." Ancient Buda, on the Danube's right bank, rears aloft on rocky crests that represent the foothills of Hungary's mountains, while on the other bank modern Pest stretches away in levels that prelude Hungary's plains.

Buda, with its splendid palace, symbolizes Hungary's long succession of rulers, reaching from Stephen the Saint, of 1000 A. D., down to the latter-day reigns of Maria Theresa and Franz Josef. Pest's parliament houses, memorable in their river-set majesty, symbolize the early won liberties of a people whose forefathers' rights were established almost contempora-

neously with England's winning of Magna Charta.

Above all, Budapest is a city of beautiful vistas. One's admiration is divided between its stately public buildings and the carefully apportioned squares, parks, and boulevards that lend to the picture an architectural airiness, a spaciousness undefaced by an industrialism whose chimneys loom in adjacent suburbs.

Few cities over the million mark, with as many as 72,000 factory workers, can boast, like Budapest, of an unindustrialized aspect, of an island pleasance lying in mid-river at its doors, of delightful riverside promenades, where one lounges or lunches and where motor cars are strictly tabu. And in all this one senses an old civilization which, in the face of postwar changes, still clings to the graces of life.

Photograph from Willard Price

A SUCKLING PIG TAKES THE PLACE OF CHRISTMAS TURKEY IN THE BALKANS

The Serbian oak forests provide excellent pasture for pigs, and the peasants raise them in large numbers at small cost. Hundreds of thousands of pigs are exported annually by Jugoslavia.

Certain of those changes reveal with what ingenuity Hungary has met her reconstruction problem. "How many crowns for a dollar?" we asked a Budapest foreign-exchange clerk; and he replied, "I'll give you the rate in pengös." Pengös? We were familiar with most European currencies and we had a literary acquaintance with doubloons, ducats, and moidores; but what, in the name of coins ancient and modern, was a pengö?

The answer, as suggested by the word's tinkling sound, is "Money that rings like gold." When postwar Hungary's currency crashed, the phrase "Hungarian krone" (crown) became a synonym of worthlessness, and so, along with her financial reconstruction under the auspices of the League of Nations, a national coin-naming competition was inaugurated. As a result, the discredited "krone" was replaced by the onomatopœic "pengö," to reinforce faith in the stabilized currency.

THE EYE IS ASSAILED WITH COLOR ON THE HUNGARIAN PLAIN

Shortly after our arrival at Budapest we discovered that, contrary to our first impressions, the Hungarian plain is far from being either monotonous or lacking

Photograph by Erdelyi

SIX GREAT BRIDGES SPAN THE DANUBE BETWEEN THE HILLS OF BUDA AND THE PLAINS OF PEST

The handsome Elizabeth Bridge (in the middle distance) has a suspension span of nearly 1,000 feet. The impressive pile of the Royal Palace rises from the heights of Buda in the distance, across the river (see, also, illustration, page 658). In the foreground is a Pest riverside street market.

Photograph by Kerny Istvan

THERE ARE NEARLY AS MANY WAYS OF CELEBRATING A WEDDING IN HUNGARY AS THERE ARE VILLAGES IN WHICH TO WED

The peasants are a hard-working people and they make much of such opportunities for gaiety as come into their lives. The wedding festivities last from two to three days among the poorer classes and a week or more among the rich. Indeed, legend tells of one celebration which lasted a full year. These revelers are from southern Hungary (see, also, text, page 658).

Photograph by Melville Chater

MARIA THERESA'S MAGNIFICENT RESIDENCE AT BUDAPEST

For a thousand feet the façade of the palace extends along an eminence overlooking the Danube. A beautiful terraced garden descends steeply to the river.

in color. You needn't travel for more than a few hours east of the capital in order to see all the colors of the rainbow, or gypsy camps, or a Wild West round-up, or a first-rate Fata Morgana, with illusive seas and cities rising across the plain.

The colors assailed our eyes at the village of Mezökövesd one Sunday morning, in a church square seething with folk. Their black garments merely served as background for superimposed stripes, aprons, bodices, woven in mixed patterns of orange, green, yellow, and purple.

A fringed apron, kaleidoscopic in effect, hung from the waist of each maiden or youth. The former's full-pleated skirt swayed rhythmically as she walked. The latter, in his short, velvet-collared jacket, his tall, flat-brimmed derby, and that indescribably coquettish apron, would have inspired any Fraternal Order of the So-and-sos with hints for a striking lodge costume.

Matrons wearing the cornucopia-shaped coif of medieval association displayed garments of lesser color areas, while dear old grannies promenaded in solemn black—mere background for youth's peacock pageant.

People began to assemble inside the church. Down the village street came a costumed wedding party. In naïve symbolism of hoped-for fertility, the bride bore a chicken, while the bridegroom displayed a baby doll in his hat; and after the event was over the peacock maidens paraded up and down in pairs for the especial benefit of the peacock youths, while we drably clothed onlookers discussed the connection between colorful clothes and early marriage.

The Wild West round-up may be witnessed around Debreczen, whose neighboring plains contain 60,000 head of live stock.* The spectacle of stalwart *csikós* (cowboys) throwing the lasso while wearing derby hats and petticoats lends itself to mirth until one discovers that for dex-

* See, also, "Hungary, a Land of Shepherd Kings," by C. Townley-Fullam, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for October, 1914.

Photograph by Melville Chater

LIKE A FAIRY PALACE, HUNGARY'S PARLIAMENT HOUSES RISE BESIDE THE RIVER

Despite the fact that it covers an area of four and one-third acres, this noble late-Gothic structure at Budapest creates an impression of lightness and delicacy. It was completed in 1902 and is numbered among the world's finest legislative palaces.

terity with rope and horse they have few equals (see illustration, page 660). The big round-ups coincide with Debreczen's fairs, where masses of horses, longhorned cattle, and gaily clad csikós form a spectacle that could hardly have been equaled by our West at its wildest.

From the northward-rising Tokaj-Hegyalja Mountains, whence comes the sweet and heady Tokay wine, and to southward, along the Tisza's entire course, stretches the larger Alföld, or Great Hungarian Plain, separated from the smaller Alföld by two mountain ranges. Inundation is its ancient enemy. Government engineers assert that the fall of a single dike on the Tisza would put one-sixth of Hungary under water.

The Alföld's grassy expanses, where sky meets circling horizon like a blue, inverted bowl, has the poetry of timeless calm. At times its distant clouds seem so low, so solid, that you almost fancy a cowboy could lasso one and haul it to earth. Daylong nothing is heard but sheep bells atinkle or the lulling pastoral of some shepherd's flute.

A PROMISED LAND TO THE HUNS

What a promised land must have spread itself before the slant-eyed Huns when, in the 4th century, they appeared on those illimitable pastures! These terrible little men—long-armed and flat-faced, clad and capped in skins—were steppe-dwellers, children of the wind and sand. As mobile as those elements, they and their vast encampments of covered wagons and herds, ever trekking from the grass-submerging sandstorm's approach, became ever more like it—a yellow deluge, swift and unforeseen, sweeping over the grasslands of Europe.

For Rome was failing; the Danube's gates stood wide. Five centuries of barbaric invasions obliterated civilization's works along its course. Its banks were held by Franks, Goths, and Gepidæ; by Thuringians, Alemanni, and Avars — a confrontation of tribes north and south,

© Hungarian Press-Photographic Exchange

EVEN WILL ROGERS COULD LEARN ABOUT ROPES FROM HIM

His skirtlike trousers and full sleeves in no way interfere with the ability of the Hortobagy cowboy to swing a lasso. He leads a wild and often solitary life on the great plains, but is never really lonely while he has the companionship of a horse. There are few riders anywhere to whom he has to acknowledge superiority.

Photograph by Melville Chater

CABBAGE IS CHEAP AND PLENTIFUL THROUGHOUT CENTRAL EUROPE

These particular heads are to satisfy the appetites of citizens of the Hungarian capital.

Photograph from Melville Chater

SOME OF THE WORLD'S FINEST HORSEMEN ARE COWBOYS OF THE HUNGARIAN PLAIN

These men are born to the saddle. For centuries their ancestors have been horsemen, and in the days of mercenary troops Hungarian cavalry was always in widespread demand. They wear great white cape-coats richly embroidered in brilliant colors.

living in feud and fattening on public molestation. Not until the later Bulgars gained control between the Tisza and the Black Sea did Danubian commerce emerge from its long eclipse.

A VISIT TO DOLEFUL GYPSIES OF THE HUNGARIAN PLAIN

Our contact with the Alföld's gypsies occurred amid some crazy hovels adjoining the raveled-out ends of a village street. Against a background of dirt floors, paneless windows, filth indescribable, out rushed a gang of wild-eyed children, swarthy men, slipshod women, to see what they could sell us. Now, we were feeling rather depressed at the moment. "What, ho!" we said, rubbing our hands in joyful anticipation. "Wine! Music! Something snappy, something American!"

Now, whatever be the tune, your true Tsigane musician seems temperamentally unable to perform it except in wild and wavelike strains of abysmal despair. We relaxed ourselves for jollification, while guitar and mandolin struck up that merry little bygone ballad about "No bananas

Photograph by Ewing Galloway

MODERN PLOWS, DRAWN BY OXEN, BREAK THE LAND FOR WINTER WHEAT ON THE HUNGARIAN PLAIN

The farmers of this favored agricultural region are prospering now, as the country attempts to adjust itself to the new economic conditions arising out of the World War.

© Kerny Istvan

ONCE A WEEK HUNGARIANS COME TOGETHER FOR A GREAT HORSE MARKET ON THE HORTOBAGY PLAIN NEAR DEBRECZEN

Although the innovations of a motor age are making themselves felt in Hungary as in other parts of the world, horses still hold a place of importance in the economic structure. The Magyars are very successful in breeding them and have developed a splendid strain of animals.

Photograph by Erdelyi

THEIR LACE CAPS IDENTIFY THEM AS BRIDES

These girls of Mezökövesd, a village of the Hungarian Plain east of Budapest, are members of a religious association for the encouragement of faith and the observance of church duties.

Photograph by A. W. Cutler

HER "DAILY BREAD" IS A SIZABLE LOAF

Made of rye flour, this bread keeps fresh for two or three weeks. It has a sour taste much appreciated by the Hungarian peasants (see, also, illustration, page 654).

Photograph by Melville Chater

RURAL BEAU BRUMMELS

The male delegation in a Sunday afternoon fashion parade in Mezökövesd resembles a group of candidates for a fraternity initiation in America. The fringed aprons are black, decorated in orange, red, green, and purple, while the embroidered shirts are in rainbow colors on a white background.

Photograph by Ewing Galloway

MINIATURES OF THEIR ELDERS

The Sunday costumes of these children of Mezökövesd differ from those of their parents only in size. The Matyo people who live in this village, according to some authorities, may be descended from camp followers left behind by the Mongol hordes which overran Hungary centuries ago (see text, page 659).

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WHERE PROMPTITUDE IS A VIRTUE WELL IMPRESSED

Bacchus Play is an old national custom which persists in connection with marriage in the northern part of Hungary. The best man takes note of those guests who are late for the wedding feast, and on the following day he assembles musicians and "gendarmes," armed with tin plates and "rifles" constructed of vines, and goes in search of the late comers. After being feasted well with wine, their faces are sooted and their feet chained. They are marched around the village until late at night, stumbling over their chains and providing a mirthful spectacle for their neighbors. Finally flour is put on their heads and they are dragged to the well and a pail of water poured over them. At night their wives are allowed to come and free them from their chains.

to-day." But the Tsigane interpretation sounded somewhat as follows:

"Yes—but that was yesterday
When, in some sobby-sobby Eden
Or yearny-yearny Hesperides
That golden fruit was ours.
But to-day—Oh, wretched outcasts, we,
Oh, the inexorably irretrievable!—
We have no bananas to-day!"

It was enough to cause a banana addict to renounce that fruit for the rest of his life.

BREASTING THE RUSHING DANUBE AGAIN

We returned to Budapest and tug life. Bridge after bridge fell astern, as the *Patria* headed for that cliff-fringed section of the Danube where it makes its big turn westward. Our paddle wheels churned no less briskly than those of the river's floating grain mills, set amid a current that rushed past at six feet per second; but we really didn't comprehend its speed until we sighted our first Danube raft. Somewhat resembling a dog kennel on a plank, it raced downstream toward us until we could see that it consisted of a wide expanse of milled timber supporting a living shack and several German raftsmen. One of the men was steering with a huge oar, two more sat back to back on a keg, and all three were the gloomiest-looking mortals imaginable.

"Where from?" yelled our skipper.

"Black Forest!" the steersman yelled back.

"Plenty food aboard?"

"No; next to nothing."

"No bread or sausages?"

"Yes, plenty; but the beer keg's run dry!"

Ahead rose the Little Carpathians, forming the background of a busy port scene of quays, cranes, canal boats clustered

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THEIR SKIRTS ARE MANY, WIDE, AND SHORT

In some Hungarian villages as many as ten petticoats are worn, one over another, and some of these contain about ten yards of material drawn into tiny folds at the waist.

Photograph by Melville Chater

DEATH HAS PUT ITS MARK UPON THIS HOME

Among the Matyo people of Mezökövesd (see, also, pages 664-665), the custom is observed of announcing death by attaching an empty coffin to the outside of the deceased's house.

in slips. When the *Patria* had tied up, we went ashore for a stroll in what our German guidebook called Pressburg.

We ascended to the town's castle-topped summit. It commands a splendid panorama of the Danube's two arms encircling the Great Schütt, which local pride proclaims "the largest interior island in Europe."

"How do you like Pozsony?" asked a venerable, patrician-looking gentleman at our side.

"Pressburg, you mean?" we inquired.

"Nonsense!" he snapped. "Am I not a Hungarian? Weren't our kings crowned here for centuries? Pozsony, if you please!"

We descended to the quay, and there we fell into conversation with a young Czechoslovak. He showed us the extent of postwar constructions that give this transshipment port for grain, coal, metals, and textiles a handling capacity of 3,000,000 tons a year (see pages 682, 684).

"A busy town, Pozsony!" we commented.

"Pozsony?" he returned warmly. "This is the Czechoslovakian port of Bratislava!"

We begged his pardon, and we would have been perfectly contented with his correction if, upon our return to the tug, a German bargee hadn't greeted us with "Vell, how you like Pressburg?"

A SIDELIGHT ON 2,000 YEARS OF DANUBE HISTORY

And there you are—one river port variously named by three nationalities, each name bearing for each nationality a peculiar cultural significance! Here is a striking sidelight on that timeless shift of peoples and powers which is so largely the story of the Danube.

Not all the conquests of Trajan, Attila, Charlemagne, Genghis Khan, and Napoleon have altered the Danube's enduring characteristic of ethnographic ununiformity. With the Orient at its mouth and the Occident at its source, the passage of 2,000 years has not modified its striking contrasts in cultural levels. The rise and fall of empires on its banks have but brought the reshuffling of ever-diverse peoples. And some of those reshufflings have been colossal. As a result of the World War, 58,000,000 Austro-Hungarian subjects regrouped themselves in the succession States and elsewhere.

HAINBURG SAW 1,000 "NIBELUNGENLIED" KNIGHTS MARCH TO THEIR DEATH

Beyond Bratislava we skirted Hainburg, a hillside picture of town walls, curious gates, crumbling towers. It is one of half a dozen Danube towns mentioned in the "Nibelungenlied" as being associated with the downstream journey of Burgundy's doomed knights.

In the Middle Ages the "Nibelungenlied" corresponded to our modern crime story. Not that there was anything in it to unravel, for those were the frank days of murder without mystery, when, instead of invoking abnormal psychology, one referred murders to a blood curse.

When Hagen slew Siegfried in Burgundy, there was no need to page some legendary Sherlock Holmes. Everyone recognized that the murder was due to the Nibelungs' curse. Kriemhild, the deceased's widow, became the queen of King Etzel (Attila), withdrew to his castle on the Danube, and grimly bided her time. Then, when the late unpleasantness had blown over, she dispatched messages to Burgundy, inviting a thousand knights, including the guilty Hagen, to visit her.

Ignoring the prophecies of friendly mermaids, gaily the maildight thousand descend the Danube to Etzel's court. And now Kriemhild stages the festal scene for murder without mystery. Instead of dropping poison into Hagen's beer, she fires the banqueting hall; whereupon the Hungarian knights fall upon the Burgundians until all are extinguished in flame and blood. No unraveling is necessary: the Nibelungs' curse is to blame. Nothing simpler, my dear Watson!

VIENNA'S UNIQUE BLOCK APARTMENTS

Beyond Hainburg the Danube's banks lowered into the wide plain where lies Vienna. The captain, saying that he would like to show us something of postwar Vienna, took us to his apartment. It was situated in a big, modern edifice facing on two avenues and inclosing a courtyard of such dimensions that all of the building's balconied windows, rising in tiers, received daylight and an ample view.

© National Geographic Society Autochrome by Hans Hildenbrand

ST. WOLFGANG'S ARCHES MAKE DELIGHTFUL WINDOW SEATS

These young folk of the most important market center on the Abersee are perched in an opening in the arcade wall surrounding the court of the town church. Legend says the patron saint flung his hatchet from the distant peak of the Falkenstein to the spot on the lake shore where his shrine now stands.

© National Geographic Society Autochrome by Wilhelm Tobien

ROMANCE LIVES IN THE VERY AIR OF THE WACHAU

Wearing an old-time folk costume, the girl of Spitz on the Danube has found an ideal place to read a tale of chivalry. In Dürnstein Castle, only a few miles away, Duke Leopold VI held Richard the Lion-heart prisoner in 1192-3.

Autochrome by Hans Hildenbrand

COQUETRY SMILES IN A BEWITCHING FOLK COSTUME

A pretty girl of Nötsch, a tiny village in the Gailtal west of Villach, shows justified pride in her dress, which from gay garters, coyly displayed below the knee, to closely pleated cap, is a triumph of the needleworker's art.

© National Geographic Society

MODEST DIGNITY CHARACTERIZES THIS PEASANT WOMAN

Though Bischofshofen has become a bustling modern town, the central point of junction for express trains connecting Vienna and Paris, south Slavonia and Salzburg, some of the older peasant women cling to the costume of other times.

Autochromes by Hans Hildenbrand

IN GALA ATTIRE THE CRAFTSMAN IS A DASHING FIGURE

With capacious pipe in hand and a bit of bacon and bread in a handkerchief slung over the fork of his walking staff, the worker from the country near Salzburg is ready for an enjoyable day at the market or festival.

© National Geographic Society

Autochromes by Hans Hildenbrand

PEASANT CHARACTER IS AS STURDY AND UNCHANGING AS THE ALPS

There is something fine and proud in the calm adherence of these mountain people to their traditions of dress and custom. The robust couple live near Heiligenblut, a Carinthian village that owes its name to a phial of the "holy blood" said to have been brought from Constantinople by a saint and now kept in the 15th century church. The man with plumed hat and elaborately decorated belt is from Birnbaum in the Gailtal close to the border of Italy. During the World War his town was within range of the Italian guns.

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Autochromes by Hans Hildenbrand

SALZBURG FOLK HAVE BEEN SLOW TO ADOPT MODERN STYLES

Peasant art and costumes are disappearing from many parts of Austria, but here the traditional attire may still be seen, particularly on fête days. The women are wearing the cherished caps woven of gold thread and embossed. The children's quaint garb has been changed little for the modern generation.

WIDE AND FERTILE IS THE VALLEY OF THE DRAVE

Though a thriving industrial center and the depot of the timber trade with Italy, Villach, second largest city in Carinthia, lures the traveler by the loveliness of its pastoral surroundings. The young woman wears a characteristic peasant costume.

© National Geographic Society Autochromes by Hans Hildenbrand

THOUGH A FAVORITE RESORT, ZELL AM SEE REMAINS UNSPOILED

Beside the jewellike Zeller See, a lake only two and a half miles long and a mile wide, but 225 feet deep, this quaint Alpine village attracts thousands of tourists both winter and summer.

CHURCH-GOING FOLK HAVE WORSHIPED HERE FOR 1,300 YEARS

One of the most interesting places in Carinthia is Maria-Wörth, on a peninsula in the Wörther-See. The ancient church is believed to date from the 6th century. Approached by the covered stairway is a second historic chapel hidden by trees.

© National Geographic Society Autochromes by Hans Hildenbrand

WALLS AND MOATS OF FRIESACH RECALL FEUDAL TIMES

Appropriate to the medieval setting are these young people's folk costumes. Near the town are the half-ruined castles of Petersberg and Lavant. The Dominican church dates from 1251.

THRIFT MAKES HAPPY HOMES IN HEILIGENBLUT

Although the peasant farmer of Carinthia admits the convenience of modern improvements, he somehow prefers to cling to the work methods of his ancestors. The house before which this healthy family is gathered has been handed down from father to son for many generations (see also Color Plate IV).

© National Geographic Society Autochromes by Hans Hildenbrand

THE FARMER'S FAMILY IS A CLOSE-KNIT SOCIAL GROUP

Regard of class and love of the soil characterize the peasants of Gnigl, near Salzburg. In keeping with time-honored custom, when the eldest son marries he becomes head of the house and his parents move to the smaller dowerhouse. Preservation of traditions of both dress and of labor is a matter of pride with these people.

Crossing the pergola-edged courtyard, where tenants' children were asplash in a cement wading pool, we entered that curiously futuristic-looking structure and gained a small apartment consisting of three daylit, airy rooms.

"Now you've seen one of Vienna's municipal block apartments," the captain announced.

"Do you mean," we asked, while contrasting our attractive surroundings with that bugbear of "institutionalism" which is supposed to blight such social experiments, "that this enormous flat-house is city-built, city-administered?"

He nodded. "You see, something had to be done about house-shortage and high rentals. Before the war one-fourth of a workingman's pay went for rent, while now—well, this apartment, together with gas and electricity, costs me about $5.00 a month."

And thus, due to postwar exigencies, Vienna has achieved for its working classes a housing scheme which, planned to embrace 30,000 families, is "futuristic" only because of its novelty (see illustration, page 691).

When one visits the delightful block kindergartens or the block laundries, where workmen's wives "do" their household linen, or the courtyard playgrounds, where workmen's children scamper, it seems as if some lamp-rubbing genie had obliterated yesterday's dreary tenement and planted to-morrow's community home in its place. Surrounded by a block apartment's thousand or more souls, living among conditions of health and cheer, one experiences—again the inevitable word—a singularly futuristic impression, as if beholding the advent of a new era for industrialism's centers.

VIENNA HAS TRANSFORMED ROMANCE INTO REAL ESTATE

In striking contrast to the block communities of a socialistically inclined government are the superb edifices of Austria's 600-year-old dynasty that ended with the World War. Vienna is a city of palaces and of those palatial buildings which fringe her matchless Ring. By selling the site of her medieval "ring" of ramparts for $50,000,000 and by creating instead a circular boulevard of architectural splendors unrivaled in Europe is how Vienna in mid-19th century transformed romance into real estate and became possessed of her famous Ring-Strasse (see page 690).

"L'AIGLON'S" FORMER PALACE NOW AN ORPHANAGE

A visit to one Viennese palace of many—the Schönbrunn of Versailles-like aspect—reveals the luxury of the Hapsburg régime and its postwar *sic transit* under Austria's democratic republic; for the park where Maria Theresa once strolled and where the Napoleon of 1805 planned campaigns has become a Sunday pleasance of Vienna's workers. The interminable succession of rooms, wherein "L'Aiglon," the sickly little son of the deposed Emperor of the French, wandered and fretted and withered away, is now in part a civic orphanage (see page 693).

"There are 1,441 rooms and 139 kitchens in the palace and outbuildings," drones the guide, as your visiting group follows him through increasingly sumptuous suites. "The decorations in this room alone cost Maria Theresa $100,000."

"I'd hate to take that girl out shopping," remarks a weary voice. "Doc, couldn't you cut out about 1,400 of those rooms? I generally figure on twenty minutes for a palace."

Napoleon was the last great conqueror to appear on the Danube. In his descent upon the retreating Austrians, he struck at Ulm, Austerlitz, and elsewhere, winning glory and capturing sufficient cannon to melt down into the Vendôme Column.

The Schönbrunn not only saw the conqueror in residence, but later on was thrown into hysteria by the shade of Napoleon *redivivus;* for in 1815, while the Congress of Vienna was availing itself of his banishment to put the much-battered European map to rights, and overjoyed royalties were holding an endless round of champagne parties, a thunderbolt descended on the palace. The Devil (Napoleon) had escaped from Hell (Elba)! Map-makers and revelers scattered like that famous belling-the-cat conference when its mice delegates beheld a feline shadow on the window blind!

Though thrones may totter, Vienna's cafés go on forever. Incidentally, one

Photograph from Melville Chater

VISEGRAD IS PROUDLY POISED ON A ROCKY HEIGHT BY THE DANUBE

Centuries ago this castle, which is situated north of Budapest, was the seat of the summer court of the kings of Hungary, and the full flower of chivalry bloomed here. Young men of noble birth flocked to it from many foreign lands. Later came the devastating armies of the East to batter the walls of Visegrad, and the forces of Western civilization gathered to stem the onrushing Moslem tide.

Photograph from Melville Chater

BLESSING THE CROPS IS AN ANNUAL CEREMONY IN MANY PARTS OF HUNGARY

Religion plays an important rôle in the life of the peasantry. Early in the summer processions are formed in the villages, and with flying banners and led by priests, the entire populace goes out into the fields, where the growing crops are blessed.

Photograph from Melville Chater

HORSE-BREEDING IS AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY ON THE HORTOBAGY PLAIN EAST OF BUDAPEST (SEE, ALSO, ILLUSTRATION, PAGE 663)

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STONE PIERS AND IRON BEAMS HAVE SUPPLANTED THE BRIDGE OF BOATS WHICH LONG SPANNED THE DANUBE AT BRATISLAVA

Photograph by Ewing Galloway

GYPSY CHILDREN MAKE MERRY ON A HOLIDAY

Although known the world over as nomads, there are gypsies in many parts of central and eastern Europe who live in more or less permanent villages. The folk dances of the children and the accompanying tunes have been handed down from generation to generation. This music is the basis for many of the airs that have made Hungarian composers famous (see, also, text, page 661).

IN OTHER DAYS BRATISLAVA WAS A ROYAL CITY

For centuries the kings of Hungary were crowned at Pozsony, as this ancient community was known before territorial readjustments after the World War made it a part of the new Czechoslovak Republic (see text, page 668).

frequents those haunts of social sobriety to sip coffee, quaff beer, or consume snacks; but in reality one is there to read newspapers, play cards, write letters, or interchange language lessons. Though you sit unspending all afternoon, endless glasses of water relay themselves on your table. Is time money and space precious? Seemingly not to Vienna's beaming café proprietor.

There are 1,100 such resorts in the city, and apparently every Viennese is addicted to one particular café at one particular hour. If an habitué is ten minutes late, it's a safe bet that he has been run over by a motor car. You may frequent at choice the business man's café, the professional man's café, the bohemian's café, and — not the least interesting — the revolutionaries' café. Over the last named little tables lean long-haired, slouch-hatted villains of melodrama, plotting the downfall of almost any European State. It's a case of "Hist, comrades! At the signal, capitalist-ridden Ruritania falls into our hands! Ha! Ha!"

HOME OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Skimming over the list of Vienna's good things that have carried her name abroad, one might mention Vienna rolls, Vienna beer, Vienna sausage, Vienna schnitzel, and Vienna light opera. The last-named is but one aspect of a musical tradition harking back to the Minnesingers' days, when Walther von der Vogelweide sang at Vienna's court.

Historically, Vienna has always been the great adoptress of composers—Gluck, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Brahms—who settled among her music-loving people.

Two of her native composer-sons are world property. Page that doubtful corner of the earth where the undulating measure of "The Blue Danube," instinct with ghosts of waltzers twirling toplike, has never been heard! What if the Danube is, in fact, mud-colored, with light-greenish hues at low water? To anyone who has ever loved that waltz, the Danube will remain forever blue. How many millions of feet have moved to its rhythm

since composer-bandmaster Johann Strauss first played it at the Vienna Carnival of 1826!

No such easy fame befell Franz Schubert. Leading a hand-to-mouth existence, he produced in his short lifetime compositions enough to furnish half a dozen reputations. In his eighteenth year alone he created 25 major pieces and 146 songs. He composed so spontaneously that music seemed to leap fully born from his brain; yet after his death his estate was found to consist of manuscripts whose probate value was less than three dollars!

Vienna, during our visit, was decked forth for his centenary. "Schubert schillings" had been struck to honor the man who was so often penniless. Silent multitudes stood massed in public squares to hear his music. "From the heart it came, to the heart it shall go," spells the universal appeal of that simple-souled genius, melodist of joy and sorrow.

Photograph by Bayer

AGGSTEIN WAS LONG A DREADED NAME ON THE DANUBE

None of the robber strongholds which dotted the heights along the river in medieval days had a more fearsome reputation than that occupied by the lords of Aggstein. From their impregnable perch they laid heavy tribute on passing cargoes and defied all efforts to dislodge them.

And one musn't forget Vienna's beloved, if apocryphal, "lieber Augustin," that little folk-singer of the battered hat, ragged clothes, outturned pockets and bagpipe. One night in 1679 Augustin, drunk as usual, fell into a plague pit. Reviving next morning, he sat up among the corpses and caroled forth, "Money's gone, sweetheart's gone, Augustin's in the dirt," setting it to the infectious lilt that was to invade the world's yet-unborn kindergartens. And whoso doubts this tale of optimism triumphant may visit Vienna, where, on a street corner, Augustin's little statue pipes to passers-by, *"Ei, du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin!"*

BIG BUSINESS FOR DANUBE CASTLES DURING THE CRUSADES

Once more aboard the *Patria,* with Greifenstein's fine old castle rising into view, we asked the skipper if we weren't nearing the Danube's region of medieval strongholds. He assented, adding that he wondered why Americans liked old ruins. But skyscrapers, now! . . . Enthusiastically he depicted the skyscraper as the

Photograph from Melville Chater

WHERE RAIL AND RIVER TRAFFIC MEET

Since the World War Bratislava (Pressburg) has developed into Czechoslovakia's principal port on the Danube (see, also, illustration, page 680).

© Publishers' Photo Service

HERODOTUS WROTE OF THE HONEY RESOURCES OF THE DANUBE

The air hums with the music of bees at work gathering honey from broad acres of buckwheat blossoms in the vicinity of this apiary in southern Czechoslovakia, but Herodotus may be said to have exaggerated somewhat when, in a report written 24 centuries ago, he declared that vast bee armies made certain Danube regions uninhabitable (see page 647).

© Publishers' Photo Service

CAKE-MAKING IN A CZECHOSLOVAK PEASANT KITCHEN

In villages of central Europe the kitchen frequently serves as a general living room, a dining room, and perhaps as a place to sleep, in addition to its normal functions. The cakes made by these women are baked on rollers over an open fire. Some of the finished products are on the table in the foreground.

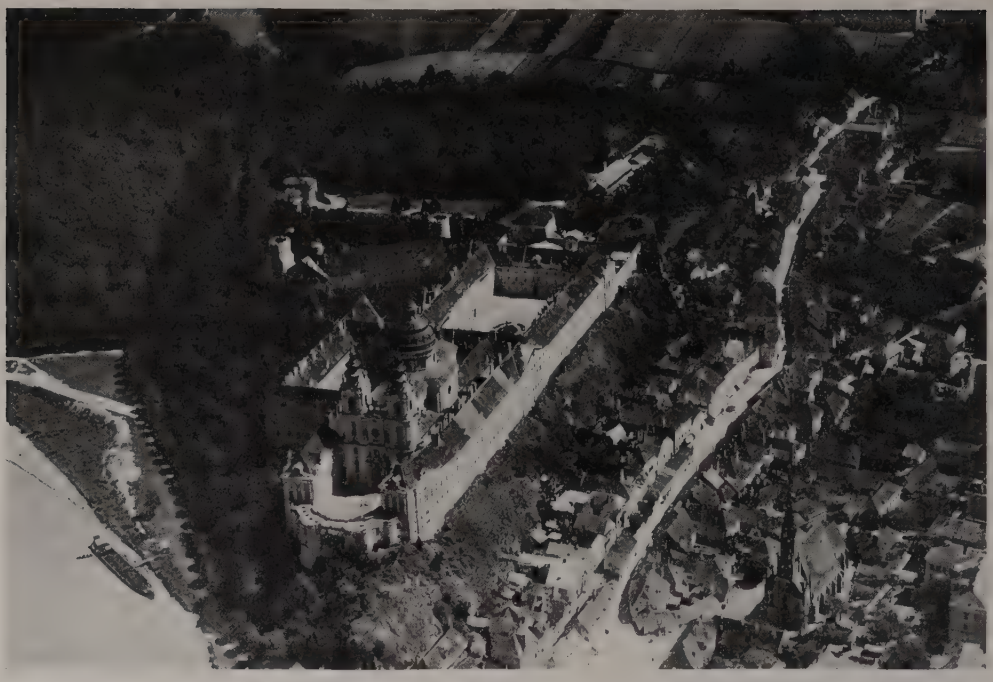
© Austrian Air Traffic Association, Ltd.

NEAR THE AUSTRIAN TOWN OF GREIN THE DANUBE WINDS THROUGH ALTERNATING STRETCHES OF WOODED HILLS AND ROLLING CULTIVATED FIELDS

Austria, for many years an industrial nation, has found it necessary since the World War to give more attention to agricultural pursuits. That her people are succeeding in this new line of endeavor is indicated by the remarkable increases in her crop yields in the past decade, many of them totaling more than 100 per cent.

ON HOLIDAYS CZECHOSLOVAKIAN GIRLS DISPLAY THE BRILLIANT COSTUMES OF THE PAST

Commercial and industrial contacts with the western European world have caused a decline in the use of the colorful national costumes. They still appear, however, on occasion and are more often seen in conservative Slovakia than in Bohemia.



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MELK'S MAGNIFICENT MONASTERY IS ONE OF THE GLORIES OF THE DANUBE

Erected in the early 18th century, on the site of an older establishment, this Benedictine foundation in Austria is a noble example of ecclesiastical Roman architecture. It commands a rare view of the river and of the wooded heights beyond.

American castle of industry. He said he'd like to see every defunct Danube castle replaced by a 50-story business edifice.

But why not regard the Danube castle as having been in its day the busy skyscraper of medievalism? Steaming past the Wachau Defile's crag-set ruins, we reflected upon the formidable amount of trade that fell to them as a result of the Crusades.

In 1096 some 2,000 craft, packed with 40,000 Palestine-bound troops, descended the Danube. Three ensuing Crusades took the same route. There sprang up a river trade consisting of westbound silks, bronzes, spices, oils, and of eastbound furs, arms, and saddlery. And the Danube castles took their river tolls and the flotsam-jetsam rake-off of stranded cargoes, not to mention piratical seizures and the enslaving of ships' crews.

Castle Aggstein, the most dreaded of Danubian robber strongholds, must have had a big turnover in riparian loot and captive maidens. And Castle Dürnstein eclipsed all local records in the capture-and-ransom trade when its gates closed upon that royal prize, Richard Cœur de Lion (see pages 683 and 689).

Yes, the more we studied the Wachau's crag-set castle ruins, reflecting on their crime-soggy past, the more we relished the captain's fancy of replacing them with American skyscrapers. What a meting out of poetic justice it would be to transform bloody Aggstein into, say, the Aggstein Life Insurance Building, and untrustworthy Dürnstein into the Dürnstein Loan and Trust Company!

A "GHOST" IN RICHARD THE LION-HEART'S CASTLE

Dürnstein proved to be a quaint little town, tucked behind medieval walls, frowned upon by a ruin-crested rock, and enlivened by many a cosy "Gasthof Richard" and "Bierhaus Blondel."

Recalling the old tale of Richard's secret prison and of his faithful minstrel's singing quest from castle to castle, we asked our host at the Café Lion-Heart if he couldn't produce Blondel's original

Photograph by Osterreichische Lichtbildstelle

MEMORIES OF CŒUR DE LION CLING TO THE TOWERS OF DÜRNSTEIN

Here Richard I of England languished a prisoner for more than a year after his capture by Duke Leopold VI, following the Third Crusade (see text, opposite page).

Photograph by Melville Chater

TINY DÜRNSTEIN ONCE SUCCESSFULLY DEFIED A GREAT ARMY

During the War of the Austrian Succession, Maria Theresa's enemies, marching on Vienna, appeared before the walls of Dürnstein. There were no soldiers inside, but the stout-hearted citizens blackened logs and drain pipes to look like cannon and placed them in the embrasures. They convinced the invaders that the place was too strongly held to be attacked.

Photograph by Postkarten-Industrie A. G.

VIENNA'S RING-STRASSE IS A NOBLE BOULEVARD

The building in the left foreground is the House of Parliament, with the Pallas-Athena Fountain in front. In the distance to the left rises the tower of the City Hall. In the background the University of Vienna and the twin spires of the Votive Church are visible beyond the mass of foliage (see, also, text, page 677).

harp; but he said he would blush to stoop to such practices. He did, however, invite our attention to an old-fashioned book. It gave the Provençal words of the Blondel-Richard duet, adding, "And still at moonlight, it is said, the shepherd passing Dürnstein's hoary tower hears mysterious harp strains mingled with two ghostly voices, which bear the chanson that Richard and Blondel exchanged on this spot ages ago."

We took our host's advice and visited the adjacent castle at moonrise. As we neared the silver-bathed ruins, there floated from somewhere the strains of a tenor voice:

> Donna, vos beautas
> Elas bellas faissos. . . .

Ghosts of the troubadours! It was 12th-century French; it was Blondel's chanson! ("Lady beautiful, yet cold as air, exciting to passion, yet shunning me, I wait in patience.") Then, after some harplike tinklings, a basso voice responded:

> Si bel trop affansia
> Ta, de vos, non partrai. . . .

THEIR MOTHERS HAVE TO WORK AWAY FROM HOME

Kindergartens for these Viennese children are maintained by the city, often in the apartment building where they live.

Photograph by Postkarten-Industrie A. G.

VIENNA IS PROUD OF ITS FINE APARTMENTS FOR WORKINGMEN

The municipality has built a number of these buildings, in which pleasant living quarters are provided at very low rentals. In some of them a single central kitchen provides meals for all who wish to avail themselves of its service (see, also, text, page 668).

Photograph by Dr. Franz Stoedtner

FROM A MEDLEY OF MEDIEVAL ROOFS RISE THE DELICATE TWIN SPIRES OF REGENSBURG'S CATHEDRAL

The city claims a lineage that goes back to 179 of the Christian Era, when Marcus Aurelius founded a Roman camp here. It was an important center of early German art and culture, and its beautiful cathedral, begun in 1275 and not completed for nearly six centuries, is one of the great Gothic churches of Europe.

Photograph by Postkarten-Industrie A. G.

SCHÖNBRUNN PALACE NOW HOUSES A VIENNA ORPHANAGE

This was one of the favorite residences of Emperor Franz Josef, who died here during the World War. Much of the present building, like the Royal Palace at Budapest, was built under direction of the energetic Maria Theresa in the 18th century. Some of the rooms of the palace are maintained in their former splendor as a museum; others are used to house homeless children (see, also, text, page 677).

Photograph by Karl Obert

SCHLOSS SIGMARINGEN IS OF RECENT CONSTRUCTION

The princes of Hohenzollern lived in this pleasant town above Ulm, on the upper reaches of the Danube, and from here they went out to win for themselves imperial honors. The present castle, towering proudly on its steep rock, was rebuilt in 1893.

Again the ancient *langue d'oc,* King Richard's response! ("I take no wound from her who divides her favors. Oh, rather hatred than thus share love with others!")

Yes, it was all very ghostlike and thrilling—that is, it would have been if, upon descending to the Café Lion-Heart, we hadn't caught our host in the act of taking off the chanson phonograph record and putting on that of "Give Your Little Baby Lots of Lovin'!"

For three more days we wound through upper Austria's plains, where lies pleasant Linz, and around curves inclosed between some of the finest of wooded heights on the Danube. Beyond lay Passau, with its barge-crammed port and its 17th-century house gables, extending tonguelike between the joined waters of the Danube and the Inn.

OUT OF AUSTRIA, INTO BAVARIA

That we were out of Austria and in Bavaria became hourly more evident by passing glimpses of towns whose Gothic towers and crow-stepped gables lifted over the stream. But, as we neared Regensburg, a Danube-dominating monument caused us to wonder if we were in a land of things Gothic or things Greek. To plant a Parthenonesque temple on a German hillside and give it the Scandinavian name of "Walhalla" was the florid feat of Ludwig I of Bavaria. No calm-limbed Apollo or ox-eyed Hera presides therein, but instead six titanic Valkyries, who loom above the busts of Teutonic kings, statesmen, generals, scientists, poets, which line this extraordinary Hall of Fame (see page 697).

But why wrench architecture from its native landscape? The flash of marble columns by Ægean seas is one beauty. The shadowy genius of Gothicism, brooding under its northern skies, is another. Of the latter beauty is Regensburg, an etchinglike town of 13th-century gateways, of oriel windows opening on cobbled courts, of stone friezes whose fig-

ures, in kingly panoply or knightly mail, look down at you from church façades.

REGENSBURG'S FAMOUS BRIDGE HAS SEEN A MARVELOUS PAGEANT

Even as Nuremburg is a living picture of the 16th century, so Regensburg is a picture of the yet earlier Gothic and Romanesque periods. Here are tall defense towers, eloquent of an age of all-powerful nobles. Here are dim tapestries and priceless hoards of goldsmith's work, equally eloquent of the days when Bavarian guildsmen aspired to art perfection as a form of piety.

Here also are monkish manuscripts breathing of a time when medieval man everywhere sensed the devil's machinations. Thus Regensburg's cathedral contains the soul-admonishing statue group of the devil and his grandmother, and Regensburg's bridge couldn't possibly be completed until the devil had been promised the souls of the first three beings who crossed it. However, the wily architect dodged this pact by sending across the bridge a dog, a cock, and a hen; whereupon the foiled fiend vanished amid fumes of brimstone.

Photograph by Karl Obert

GRAPE HARVESTERS OF KAISERSTUHL, IN BADEN

The fame of the excellent wine of this district has spread far beyond the German borders.

For eight centuries that bridge has watched the Danube's ever-changing pageant. It saw the Crusaders' fleets. It saw five ensuing centuries of stagnation, when, owing to the upstream thrust of Tatar and Turkish hordes, traffic moved via Europe's sea routes, and the great river, given over to piracy, sank into eclipse. It witnessed a 17th-century trade revival, when sailboats, bearing freight and passengers between developing market towns, took ten days to descend to the middle Danube. And finally, in 1817, it beheld the freak craft of a Hungarian who, borrowing transatlantic ideas, actually made paddle-wheel boats move by steam.

That ancient bridge marks the limits of commercial navigation on the Danube. Regensburg is the westernmost of its 18 harbor towns that, as distributing centers, handle annually some 6,000,000 tons of river traffic for interior points and for the 8,000,000 people living on the Danube's shores. That figure is still under one-half of its prewar traffic and is far behind the enormous volume now trans-

Photograph by Ewing Galloway

IN THE 16TH CENTURY INGOLSTADT HAD A UNIVERSITY WITH 4,000 STUDENTS

The old Bavarian city was once of considerable importance and figured prominently in the controversies of the Reformation. General Tilly, famous soldier of the Thirty Years' War, died here in 1632. The Kreuztor, or Cross Tower, formed part of the ancient town walls.

Photograph by Melville Chater

"THE GERMAN TEMPLE OF HONOR STANDS ON A MOUNTAIN BY THE DANUBE"

Built by Ludwig I of Bavaria about a century ago, this stately, Parthenonlike edifice, near Regensburg, is one of the most impressive sights along the great river.

ported on the highly industrialized Rhine.

By post autobus we continued to follow an ever-narrowing Danube. At Kelheim we passed its last deep gorge, where ascending fishing boats must be hauled ahead by long lines attached to rings in the rock faces.

We spent a day inside the medieval walls of Ingolstadt, once noted for the university attended by Dr. Faustus of black-art fame. We lingered another day where Ulm's tremendous Gothic spire, almost as lofty as the Washington Monument, towers over the Danube.

AT THE HEADWATERS OF THE DANUBE

Afoot, we entered its wild Upper Valley, where ruinous castles, inaccessible as eagles' nests, crest precipitous rocks. The Black Forest's fringes began to enfold a slender Danube that rushed along in its youthful playtime, with no other care than to serve some lumber mill, where singing stream and screaming saw mingled their resonances under the dark pines.

For three nights of increasing cold we lodged at humble forest inns, where woodcutters drank schnapps and smoked huge drop-pipes around the great porcelain stove; and on the third night our host assured us that we were close to Donaueschingen, where the Fürstenberg spring joins the brook Brigach to form the Danube.

That last day was made memorable by an amateur blizzard and by walls of mist that closed blindingly about us. It wasn't until the close of daylight that we sleuthed a smell of cookery, which led us to a mist-emerging inn.

It turned out that we had overshot Donaueschingen and followed the Brigach for 20 miles. Exhausted, we fell asleep over our supper, reawakening just long enough to get to bed.

From beneath our window rose the shrill chant of the Brigach rushing down from the Sommerau. Our hodgepodge associations of Greeks and Romans, tugs and barges, Tatars and Crusaders, gypsy bands and cathedrals, became slumber-blended into one abiding theme. It was that of the Danube, pulsing onward into ever-widening vistas, blending Occident with Orient, sundering, yet uniting, peoples, in his ageless course from the Black Forest to the Black Sea.

GLAD TIDINGS RING OUT FROM HALLOWED SPIRES IN BETHLEHEM

A grilled opening in the chapel belfry of the boys' school, "The Father of the Orphan," makes a fitting frame for a view of the home of Christmas, with the two towers of the Church of the Nativity in the distance.

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MAGYAR MIRTH AND MELANCHOLY

By JOHN PATRIC

AUTHOR OF "FRIENDLY JOURNEYS IN JAPAN" AND "IMPERIAL ROME REBORN," IN THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

PROUD Magyar banners drooped, disconsolate, outside the windows of Budapest's Royal Palace, at half-staff after 20 years for four "lost provinces" where, patriotic Hungarians say, "four foreign flags are flying."

Nicholas Horthy, Regent of Hungary, spoke sadly to me. "This was Europe's greatest nation some 800 years ago," he said. "Even in 1914 we had everything: lands and men and minerals, timber, wealth, seaports, and ships. Look at us today!

"Yet still I'm glad to be Hungarian. Our poorest, humblest peasant would rather lose an arm than break a promise. Our wheat may go to America, our musicians to Poland, our chess players, even, to France, and win against the best.

"In Berlin an international contest sought the world's best cook," he added.

"Who won?" I asked.

"*My* cook!"

"RESURRECTION" IS NATIONAL DREAM

It was Nicholas Horthy, fleetless admiral, who marched troops into Budapest 19 years ago after the overthrow of Bela Kun's bloody four-month communistic dictatorship.

Hungarians acclaimed him Regent, to uphold a Constitution more than seven centuries old, and to rule a kingless kingdom where St. Stephen's sacred crown is the revered, thousand-year-old emblem of limited monarchy (pages 3, 4, and Plate VI).

Children begin each school day as they end it: singing plaintive prayers for a restored Fatherland they were born too late to know. Metal plaques—Hungary crowned with thorns—are tacked to thousands of doors. A lever on a popular, ingenious postcard tears from a map of old Hungary, as the Treaty of Trianon did, nearly three-fourths of her territory.

A clipped hedge map in a Budapest park is the Nation "then and now." The same motif appears on cakes in bakers' windows, in a dozen children's games, in every bus and streetcar. "Remain as it is?" reads the caption. "No. No. Never!"

This subject completely dominates Hungarian life and thought. Its implications must be understood, or Hungary cannot be.

November in Budapest* was dark and damp. When north winds raced downriver, gentlemen buttoned full fur linings into overcoats and ladies tucked soft fingers into muffs that were purses, too.

Teamsters walked beside their horses. Peasant women transferred shawls from shoulders to their heads.

Chestnut venders, edging closer to charcoal fire kettles, sold more hot wedges of roast pumpkin. The Danube fell, inches daily, between masonry-protected banks; soon towboat funnels could have cleared its unopenable bridges without being "broken" like shotgun barrels.

Sometimes fog rolled down the valley, stayed twice the clock around, and halted river barges. There came sleet and sanded streets. On a few days, short, bright, and cold, Buda's crescent of hills seemed in the clear air to draw nearer and huddle around Pest's warm chimneys, like Hungarian plainsmen about their autumn fires.

* See in THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for June, 1932, "Budapest, Twin City of the Danube," by J. R. Hildebrand, and "Hungary, a Kingdom Without a King," by Elizabeth P. Jacobi.

I remember just one moonlit midnight when skies were blue as a Colorado summer dawn. From the high old Citadel, built to defend Buda from attack on the side facing its sister city, I watched Pest's lights spreading so far over its alluvial expanse that upon the horizon they faded as stars do—into invisibility.

At two-thirty the next afternoon a wan sun dropped wearily behind the precipitous limestone hill whence St. Gellért, whose name it bears, was thrown to martyrdom and immortality.

"SANTA" COMES DECEMBER 6

A dim daylight hour remained; I walked first beside the river, then along *Váci utca,* Budapest's smartest street. There, as in China, bargains reward good bargainers. Already, in confectioners' windows, symbolic candy boots shone red and tinseled. On December 6, not Christmas, comes Santa Claus—Hungary calls him Mikulás—as children's empty footwear waits on window sills. Knee boots are fashionable!

Snowflakes were falling as I passed a gas lamp lighter. A traffic policeman's little girl brought his hooded white mackintosh; he looked monkish in it. Surprised starlings, roosting in streetside trees, twittered and shook themselves.

Crossing Elizabeth Bridge, I walked again along the river. Against dark, slow-moving water a string of moored barges shone ghostly white. Yellow fingers of lamplight reached out from little windows of snug after-cabins.

That night I went to a movie theater—small, like most in Hungary, with every place "reserved." Prices climbed in a dozen steps from eight cents for front rows to fifty for choice balcony seats. Long intermissions were frequent. Then patrons strolled in the foyer until a bell recalled them, or remained seated to watch jerkily animated advertising cartoons.

"Go away!" wheezed a bent old man, in one of these cartoons, to a beauty. After gulping quarts of the advertised tonic urged on him by cronies, the same man, alert and vigorous, kissed her and winked at us.

Hawkers peddled chocolate or salty, foot-wide pretzels, leaving thirst behind. Then came angels of mercy, vending unflavored soda water.

When air in the crowded theater became stale, an usher "freshened" it. Blowing pungent perfume from a hissing fly spray gun, he stalked the darkened aisles, a tall, gray specter enshrouded in a mist.

"Ventilation wastes heat," seems axiomatic in Hungary. Fuel is costly. The perfume was cheap.

Because I alone laughed at an American joke, another American in the audience, long resident in Hungary, knew a countryman was there. After the show he greeted me. Together we walked to a restaurant.

Gypsy music runs to extremes, sad or gay. Here it rippled a joyful love song from two violins and a dulcimer-like instrument the size and shape of a small library table. With two firm cloth balls on drumsticks, one brown man tapped harplike music from a hundred or so horizontal strings.

"That's a *czimbalom,*" my companion explained, "popular with gypsies."

Gypsy musicians, in this warm-hearted land where quick infatuations are not unknown, sometimes make strangers acquainted. We saw an example.

A young Magyar, sitting alone, beckoned a violinist and slipped a coin into his hand. The gypsy musician moved quietly among the tables. Where a girl sat reading, he paused to play a haunting air of sweet melancholy.

"It's a well-known song," explained my companion, "about someone so inaccessible that only the yellow thrush can go to her."

The girl, pensive, heard the song to its end. Then she spoke to the gypsy. He threaded his way back again. Now he played more gaily, but softly still.

"I know that song, too," said my companion, as we were leaving. "I'll translate it, though it sounds better in Hungarian:

> "Come when I call to you;
> Your boot heels shall be silent,
> Your spurs shall not jingle,
> And mother will not waken."

A TYPOGRAPHICAL TRAGEDY

Here, as everywhere, love sometimes ends painfully. I had read the week before of a printer's apprentice found unconscious. He recovered after surgeons removed seven pieces of lead type from his stomach.

Jilted by his sweetheart, he had set her name, "Mancika," in type. Then he had swallowed the letters.

"Hungary likes Americans," said my countryman. "Budapest celebrates the Fourth of July with speeches beside Washington's statue in the park—did it even during the World War. Hungarians never

Photograph from Keystone

ONE SOLDIER'S EYES MUST ALWAYS FIX ON HUNGARY'S GOLDEN CROWN

Within a fireproof safe of the Royal Palace under perpetual guard rests the treasured royal emblem of kingless Hungary (page 4). The instant these wardens leave, three more will snap to attention in their places. In the corner, facing the safe, a guard stands rigid, "eyes left," every second he is on duty. He must never look away from the glass case in the strongbox where, after a thousand stormy years, his country's sacred crown awaits a wearer.

really looked upon us as an enemy nation."

We came to the massive door of a large old apartment house built of ornate artificial stone in halcyon days when Budapest was rich. My countryman pressed a button. Through open iron grillwork beside the door, a bell sounded faintly, far away. Soon an aged face peered at us through lantern light. Then heavy lock machinery moved ponderously.

ELEVATOR FARE HIGHER THAN CARFARE

My companion gave the doorman forty *fillér* (eight cents). "Residence buildings, even modern apartments, are locked at ten; no one has a latchkey," he explained. "Glorified janitors, usually richer than I, charge ten fillér 'admission fee' from then until midnight. After twelve the price doubles.

"In this house, as in office buildings, elevator fare is ten fillér. Most people ride up and walk down, for the fee exceeds that of a short streetcar ride in Budapest. Here, elevator fare doubles after midnight. If my family of five returns late, it costs me thirty cents—as much as our servant's daily wage."

Next day I asked the captain of a towboat if I might ride to Mohács, down the Danube, at the southern frontier (map, page 7, and page 8).

Two evenings later I boarded the *Count Gyula*. Her navigator's bridge, facing fore and aft from amidships, extended well over her wide, protruding side wheels. From an airplane, she would resemble a

Photograph from Keystone

ON A VELVET CUSHION LIES A CROWN NO MAN WEARS

Though Hungary is a kingdom still, a regent guards the royal emblem and keeps his country's throne for some future monarch that nobody yet knows. It is in two parts. The inner shell was given to St. Stephen, first ruler of Hungary, by Pope Silvester after the turn of the first Christian millennium, in 1001. The outer case was a later gift of a defeated Byzantine emperor, grateful for chivalrous Hungarian treatment of a captured town. The crown has been hidden often in troubled centuries. Once it was dropped from a jolting wagon and lost; another time it was buried. On one adventure the cross was bent, and it is so portrayed on the national flag (Plate VI).

far-off cigar between two penny matchboxes.

Far behind us five heavy-laden, snub-nosed barges, much larger than the tug, were secured by two heavy cables.

As Budapest lights grew dim astern, we moored for the night.

Aft, below water line, a coal stove warmed a dimly lighted, rudely furnished lounge. An officer's cabin adjoining it was mine for the voyage. It contained a hard straw mattress, a mirror, a washbowl, a pitcher of silty river water, and a lantern to be lighted when failing steam pressure, as fires were banked, stopped the little dynamo that provided electric lights.

Throbbing of old engines awakened me from cold sleep at dawn. Coffee-flavored milk, full of "skin," had long simmered in the galley. That morning it tasted good.

The *Count Gyula* swung her tow clear of our mooring place and into the current. Through the captain's glasses I saw the five barges' helmsmen, far astern, turning their wheels in unison to keep in the channel.

Their wives chopped wood, fed poultry, or hung washing as warmly clad children played on barge decks.

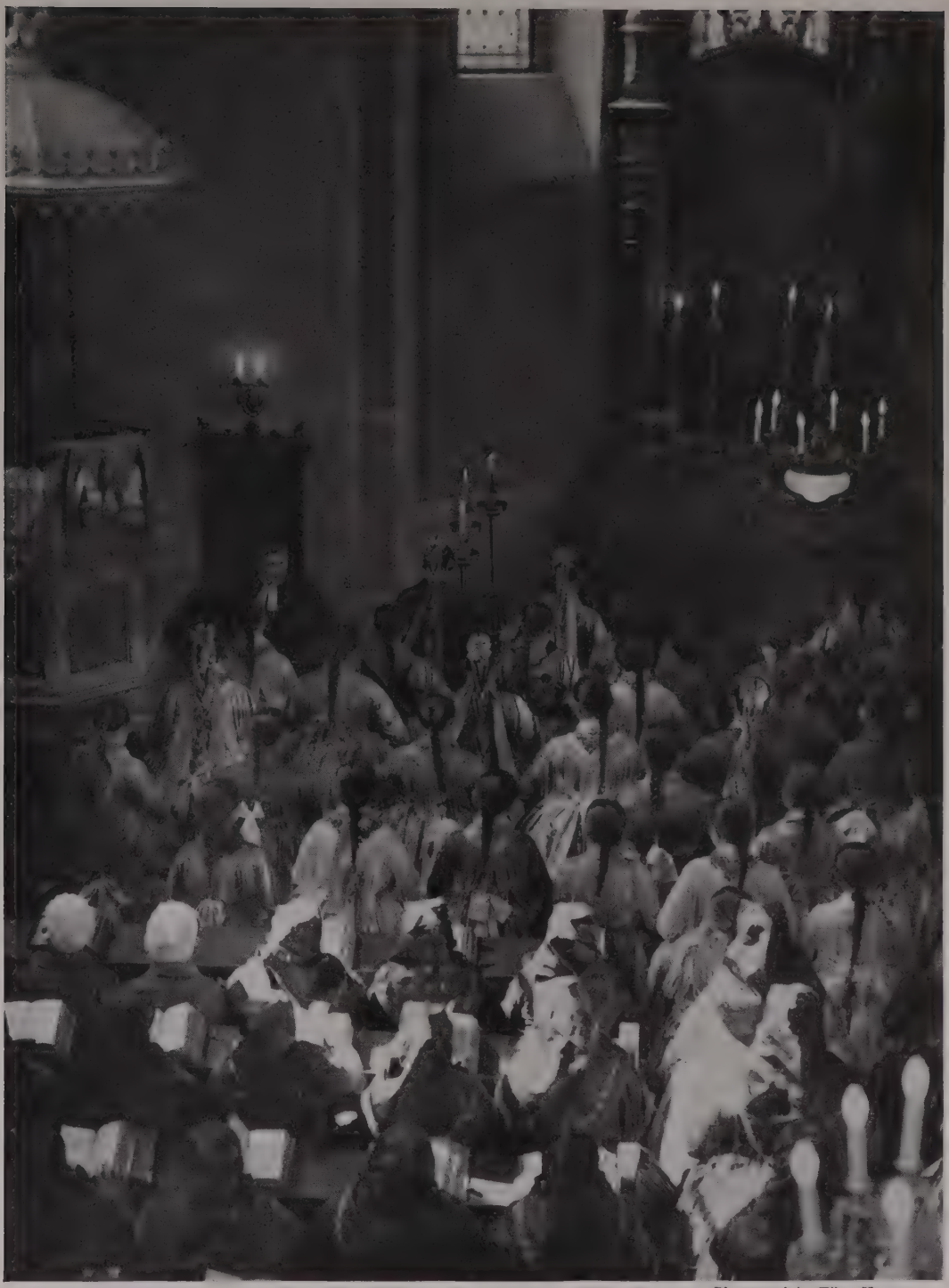
Channels and islands appeared on the pilot's charts. "Some are man-made," he explained. "Nature's shortcuts produced others."

Quiet estuaries stretched eastward. The captain traced the Greek letter Ω. "Perhaps Roman galleys used that old channel. Here's the new," he said, closing the Ω with a pencil mark. "It's like that all along the river, except in rugged country."

DIKES PROTECT FARMS

Danube farmers hereabouts dwell behind dikes built inland from forested, uninhabited river banks. We saw woodchoppers, passed crude ferries, and observed an occasional flour-dusty face peering from a Noah's ark-like mill, anchored in the river.

I visited our good-natured cook in her little galley overhanging the water just aft of port paddle wheels. A barefoot, mouse-



Photograph by Tibor Hegyey

DEVOTION CALLS FOR "FULL DRESS" IN THE VILLAGE CHURCH

For six days, in simpler garb, Hungarian women of the countryside spin, bake, churn, and work with their men in the fields. Sunday is for parade, as well as prayer and rest. Prideful dressing takes hours, and the seven or eight cotton petticoats, starched and pleated, preclude sitting at Mass. The procession homeward after service is as much a rite as an American Easter Sunday parade (page 32).

Photograph by John Patric

ROOSEVELT'S "ANNIHILATING VICTORY," SO PROCLAIMED IN THIS HEADLINE, SCREENS TWO AT A BUDAPEST RESTAURANT TABLE

The proprietor has used shears and paste to write his own streamer on the copy of *AzEst* glued to the wall—"Unprecedented catastrophe," referring to a law requiring compulsory tips of 10 or 15 per cent of all cafe bills. A mural menu of this establishment, popular with artists and frugal film folk, not highly paid in Hungary so that they often must do other work, gives low prices for pancakes and jam, steaks, and omelets.

Drawn by Ralph E. McAleer

LESS THAN A THIRD OF OLD HUNGARY STILL FLIES THE MAGYAR FLAG

"Your United States is so young," remarked a Hungarian, whose nation dates its history from a thousand years ago when nomad horsemen from Asia unexpectedly found the mountain-rimmed Danube plains a "promised land." The post-war Treaty of Trianon gave a Germanic strip of western Hungary to Austria; Ruthenia and Slovakia, in the north, to new-born Czechoslovakia; Transylvania, and almost two million Magyars, to Romania; and southern Hungary to Yugoslavia. The rich agricultural core of the ancient kingdom still is Hungarian, though more than three million people of that race now live beyond its borders.

like scullery maid rolled noodles, tossing one occasionally to two soiled pet hens.

PUMPKINS, PAPRIKA, AND POPPY SEEDS

Cook showed me her storeroom. Pumpkins, potatoes, and cabbages were staples. Slightly wrinkled grapes hung on a wire (page 14). There were bins of poppy seeds and ground paprika, a barrel of apples, a big sack of walnuts, racks of sausages, hams, and fat bacon.

A hundred shiny jars held her own preserved cherries, peaches, apricots, pickles, and pickled peppers.

For the first time on shipboard, I was to dine at the captain's table. A fresh cloth was spread in the lounge and soon the scullery maid—waitress now—appeared in shoes and clean apron.

She brought a steaming tureen of chicken noodle soup for the captain, chief engineer, and me. Next course was "stuffed cabbage"—bits of boiled beef wrapped in hot sauerkraut—and then chicken stewed with paprika.

Smoking noodles appeared next.

"Epicures—like me—eat them *so*," said the captain, sprinkling his helping liberally with powdered sugar, spices, and finely chopped walnuts.

"*Men* like them this way," said the engineer, shoveling grated sour cheese over his.

"He's a country boy; never learned good eating," grinned the captain.

"He's a sissy," said the engineer, grinning, too.

Captain and I had *palacsinta* for dessert. Thin, warm pancakes in rolls like Mexican tortillas are filled with hot apricot jam. The engineer ate four green, sour, pickled peppers.

Fog halted us that afternoon. The captain found quiet water and shouted megaphone commands to bargemen who dropped four-pronged mudhooks. Our sooty stokers banked their fires and smoked on deck in the lee of the warm stack. Another short day was over.

Two afternoons later the *Count Gyula*, hugging the river bank opposite Mohács,

Photograph by John Patric

HOMEWARD FROM MARKET AT MOHÁCS, FARMERS FERRY THE DANUBE ON CARRY-ALL BARGES TOWED BY A TUG

Booted, brightly dressed peasants cross with poultry and produce to sell in this river port, used by ships of many nations, at Hungary's southern frontier. Far from salt water, the town has aspects of an international seaport. Death came here, in 1526, to 24,000 fierce fighters as advancing Ottoman armies, 150,000 campaign-hardened men, defeated 28,000 desperate defenders at this Magyar Waterloo. Thereafter the Turks dominated Hungary for eight generations. In 1697 they lost the battle of Zenta (now Senta, Yugoslavia), east of Mohács, then left Hungary, never to return.

Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

TO HONOR HUNGARY'S GREAT COMPOSER, REGENT HORTHY, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS WIFE, ATTENDS THE OPERA

In the high-arched royal box, amid ghosts of a broken line of monarchs whose ancient throne he guards, sits the nominal ruler of Hungary, a kingdom without a king. The "who's who" of the capital attended this performance in memory of Franz Liszt, at the Royal Opera House in Budapest.

Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

TO A TAVERN IN THE TOWN GO GRAPES AND GIRLS AND MEN IN SKIRTS

Photograph by Erno Vadas

LIKE A GUST OF WIND SWEEP HARVESTERS ACROSS A SEA OF WHEAT

Whole families work at harvest time on the large estates; for centuries their payment has been part of the crop. Mowing machines on big farms are "discouraged, not forbidden," until the traditional man with the scythe finds other work to do. Yet enormous areas are often plowed with the aid of two steam traction engines, creeping slowly forward in unison, perhaps half a mile apart at opposite ends of the field. They drag a gang plow on a cable back and forth between them.

Photograph by John Patric

JUVENILE CHRISTMAS MINSTRELS TRAMP SNOWY ROADS OF HILLY NORTHERN HUNGARY

Rudolf Balogh excavates a camera from cluttered *Topolino* to photograph a troupe of boys, carrying staves and a miniature church, and dressed as Wise Men, prophets, and shepherds. From house to house they go, giving simple, plotless plays and singing carols. Gifts of food, rarely coins, reward them. "Old men" are bearded with raveled rope; little girls, often playing cherubim, wear goose wings. Though this country is intensively cultivated, no houses are visible here; farmers live in villages.

Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

TRAINLOADS OF BEETROOT YIELD TONS OF SUGAR, MOTOR FUEL, CATTLE FEED, AND FERTILIZER

Sugar beets, unloading at Hatvan, are sliced and steeped in hot water. Beet juice, mixed with carbon dioxide gas and lime, then filtered and evaporated, is crystallized into sugar. From residual molasses, alcohol is manufactured, to mix with motor gasoline. Beet pulp is fed to cattle, and filter dregs to overworked land.

Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

TO A COOL, DARK STOREROOM GO GRAPES FOR WINTER TABLES

Choice fruit, borne from the vineyard by pole and basket, is fresh long after Christmas, only a little wrinkled, in the moist climate of the Danube Valley. In Érsekcsanád boys sometimes wear dresses. On each girl's head a soft, doughnut-shaped *tekercs* eases burden balancing (page 55).

swung suddenly into midstream. Her barge pilots spun their wheels and with surprising grace both tug and tow turned about in the river and came to rest beside the old town.

In near-by Pécs I was shown about the sprawling Zsolnay ceramics plant by its founder's grandson. It makes sewer pipe and teacups, giant insulators and fragile china dolls.

"You're growing fast," I said, noting recent construction.

"No credit to us. Tariffs block competitors—*they're* in the lost provinces."

CERAMICS DESIGNS COPIED FROM "THE GEOGRAPHIC"

We watched an artist painting deep-sea fish on half-glazed vases from color plates in The National Geographic Magazine.

"Mother lends them to us. She's past 90, and still keeps up with the world." We had coffee with her at her park-encircled home within protecting factory walls.

Twenty butterflies pressed bright wings gently against the glass bottom of our green coffee tray as if, resting momentarily on broad June leaves, they might flutter into the room and lose themselves among unfading ceramics of other lands and times.

"It seems a pity to kill them," I said.

My hostess laughed.

"Look closely," she said. "Those wings were iris petals; these, a tiger lily's, dusted with pollen. Purple spots were violets. Feelers I made from stamens and pistils. Bodies, too, are lily stamens. I'm too old to chase butterflies."

With a commercial banker, recently returned from a Rotary convention in New Jersey, I visited a coffeehouse.

Although coffeehouses are as popular in Central Europe now as in Dr. Johnson's England, I never saw a Hungarian workman patronize one. Coffee twice a day there would cost a third of his wages. Yet they are almost clubs to officers, country

Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

A STRAW FIRE SAVES COSTLY MATCHES WHEN HORSEBOYS ALIGHT FOR A SMOKE

Hard-riding herdsmen, spurning saddle girths and pommels, have come to fresh grass on the fenceless Hortobágy, part of the great Hungarian plain. Here the town of Debrecen owns a vast area that provides municipal revenue from grazing fees. When an owner arrives to take them to winter stalls, his unbranded animals are picked unerringly from the herd, because horseboys recognize their equine wards as other men know human friends. Flat, plumed hats, curled mustaches, braided quirts, and embroidered greatcoats are the trappings of an ancient calling that passes, like nobility, from father to son (Color Plate II).

gentlemen, politicians, and business men.

We swung past three sets of doors, then pushed aside a semicircular curtain of heavy red blanket cloth. It overlapped three feet and dragged the floor like a train. Windows were double and weatherproofed.

Thus no chill breath of winter mixed itself with bluish air of the large room where human bodies and burning tobacco shared the heating task with a tiny airtight stove, efficiently placed many warm pipe-lengths from its chimney.

A hundred newspapers in holders hung on a rack. Boys learn patrons' favorites and bring them to the little tables.

Perhaps for convenience of coffeehouse reading, Hungarian papers are tabloid in size, and actual circulations are much larger than the number of copies printed. Yet a good issue of an American small-town daily contains more advertising than the largest Budapest papers combined.

"Fellow Rotarians here," said the banker, "think hard-working American business men must be money mad. Most Americans work hard, I explained to them, for what money *brings*—everything that makes life so rich and varied in your country.

"Here they won't believe that, though your gangsters and G-men are well known." He chuckled. "A bearded Pécs restaurateur once ordered a portrait and refused it, on completion, as 'unrecognizable.'

"It drew laughing crowds when the annoyed artist displayed it, in a store window, labeled 'Capone in Disguise.'

"Everyone knew of Capone, and from his beard recognized the now furious restaurant man, who paid immediately."

Late that afternoon I left Pécs by train. "First call" filled the diner with men who ate leisurely, smoked, and talked until, two hours later, we reached Budapest.

"It's the coffeehouse tradition on wheels," remarked my tablemate.

TAXIS LACK SELF-STARTERS

The next Sunday an Englishwoman invited me to meet "a prima donna, past 80, once Liszt's pupil."

A cab driver in padded overcoat graciously bowed us into his taxi. Fare was 20 cents for our first mile, 12 cents for the next.

"Must *all* Budapest taxis still be cranked?" my companion asked.

"I kiss your hand; yes, madam," he replied. I noted in two months only three cabs with self-starters.

We climbed a long stair, traversed dark corridors, and rapped beneath a placard: "Carlotta Feliciana, Singing Lessons."

A little old lady let us in. She wore an ornate dress of dull-green velvet and tarnished gold braid, snug-waisted, wide of skirt. The dress itself was faded; strangely, the sleeves were not.

She sang "The Last Rose of Summer," in Hungarian, playing it on an oaken piano. In this so-much-lived-in little room it was like a burnished golden throne in a cobbler's shop.

Clippings in scrapbooks told Carlotta's story—her debut, her marriage, her studies with Hungary's great composer. "Once I praised Wagner to Franz Liszt," she said, "forgetting they weren't friends. Maestro threw my music on the floor and stomped out. I was afraid of him after that."

A DRESS WITH A HISTORY

From opera programs—some on silk—we could follow Carlotta, singing her way in splendor across Europe. There were royal photographs, signed, and masculine handwriting on fine note paper, still white.

"Mash notes? I liked them anyway. This was from a Hussar. He sent me 36 white roses after I sang in 'The Barber of Seville.' I let him see me, wearing the dress I am wearing now."

"*That* dress?" I asked, incredulously.

"I've worn made-over costumes for years. This is the last. Long ago I cut off the train and saved it to make new sleeves. Those pillows and rag rugs were costumes once."

As we were leaving, Carlotta showed us a large, stained old photograph of two pretty women with a tall, vaguely familiar young man, riding camels by the Pyramids.

"That's Tom Lipton, a countess I knew, and me," said Carlotta. "Tom liked her—"

"You mean Sir Thomas Lipton?" I asked, recalling the trim old yachtsman who had spent so liberally and fruitlessly to regain for Britain the America's Cup.

"Yes. He hadn't been knighted, but he was a millionaire, in *pounds*, even then. Yet he was thrifty. When I told him about the countess's birthday he gave her two flowers."

"Orchids?"

"Two big daisies. He picked them himself," she said, laughing, as we left her.

© National Geographic Society Agfacolor Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

BRIDESMAIDS "DANCE THE DOWRY" FOR ALL THE TOWN TO SEE

Tripping down village lanes, friends of a bride display her hope chest treasures. Even the poorer country girls present their husbands with fluffy, handworked pillows and down-stuffed feather beds, to be proudly piled in the parlor and seldom used. The Kalocsa country of Hungary excels in flowered embroidery, like these jackets, aprons, and clocked stockings. On holidays, as a matter of course, color-loving Magyars still wear folk dress.

© National Geographic Society Autochrome Lumière by Hans Hildenbrand

GREATCOATS ARE HEAVY; SADDLES ARE LIGHT

Hard-riding, mustached, this herdsman, Magyar counterpart of an American cowboy, watches horses, not cattle, on the Hungarian plain. His girthless saddle, a woven rug with stirrups, is thrown loosely over his mount.

Agfacolor Photograph by Hans Hildenbrand

YOUTH AND MATERNITY TRAMP THE ROMANY ROAD

Some gypsies travel as tinkers in summer; others beg and forage; many, in gay cafes, provide gypsy melodies. Liszt credits them with the origin of Hungary's distinctive music.

© National Geographic Society

Agfacolor Photograph by Hans Hildenbrand

HOT KITCHENS ARE DESERTED ON WASHDAY WHEN PONDS ARE COOL IN PEACEFUL BAKONY FOREST

Standing barefoot in the water before a backdrop of rushes still used to thatch their simple cottages, farm women near Veszprém gossip while pounding their clothes with sticks on sturdy, homemade tables. The little girl may hear stories of raiding highwaymen who once rode forth from these woods. She shivers at the tale of Sobri Joska, most dangerous of all. Gendarmes had been capturing his men and sending them to the gallows. Meeting four of these policemen one day, Joska killed every one of them and took their horses.

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Agfacolor Photograph by Hans Hildenbrand

THOUGH SHEPHERDS AND SWINEHERDS ARE MEN, WATCHING DUCKS IS WOMEN'S WORK

Armed with an old buggy whip, a village girl in everyday dress has herded ducks to a pond in Bakony Forest (Plate III). Neighboring families, owners of the little flocks, share the cost of her watchfulness against hawks and hungry gypsies. To speed the quiet summer day, she brings her washing and sewing. At evening feeding time her charges waddle home as she walks behind. Better able to protect themselves, geese are given less care.

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Agfacolor Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

HARVESTS ARE OVER, STOREROOMS FULL, AND SHADOWS LONG: THERE'S TIME TO DINE, TO DANCE, AND TO BE MARRIED

The bridal pair, in the center, dances the *csárdás* with a group of friends. Visiting the couple in Érsekcsanád a year after this picture was made, the author and photographer were served a chicken and *strudel* dinner by the still-smiling bride. "I *knew* she could cook!" her husband boasted.

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"THE CROWN OF THE LEANING CROSS" IS COPIED IN STRAW

Cushioned on a sunflower, the facsimile of St. Stephen's crown will be carried in a Báta harvest procession. Centuries ago, the top of the original was bent when Hungarians hid the regal emblem from invaders.

Agfacolor Photographs by Rudolf Balogh

PUMPKIN GOES TO ROAST AFTER THE BREAD IS DONE

It is not made into pie; farmers relish slices hot from the baking. Seeds, to be eaten like peanuts, are drying in a pan. The fresh loaves, each weighing many pounds, were baked in this oven in a Boldog farmhouse.

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Agfacolor Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

"AND AFTER *THAT*, MY DEARS, WHAT DO YOU THINK HE SAID?"

On winter holidays in Kazár, village girls in Sunday dress gather beneath pictures and porcelain in the parlor to talk or sew. Fancy headgear indicates that six are single. The two whose hair is unadorned are matrons. "She remained in her headdress" is to say "She never married."

© National Geographic Society Agfacolor Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

BLUSHES ARE ROUGELESS WHEN THEY BLOOM ON THE CHEEKS OF THE BRIDE IN BOOTS

Yards of costly silk ribbon, ruffles and beads and lace, pleated skirt and petticoats, boots that are burnished and high—this is the wedding dress of a bride in Buják, where cosmetics and pavement are unknown. Like a Christmas tree in her window, for passers-by to see, a wedding cake is adorned with blossoms, popcorn strings, and paper chains. Such cakes, slowly hardening, are often kept months, and fed at last with tears to the chickens.

In one of Buda's old houses, high above its caves, I sat one night after dinner with a young Hungarian count and his wife. His family name—and the countess's—appear often in Hungarian history books.

Yet mantles of nobility and family fame were lightly worn. Except for painted ancestors, heirlooms, and old books I might have imagined myself visiting a machinist in some Minnesota town.

The countess, with a wooden match fully a foot long, lighted a fire for us. Then she brewed coffee in a glass globe held over an alcohol lamp.

The count spoke of honor among his countrymen. He had attended that day a fellow officer's funeral.

"He fell in love with his friend's wife," explained the nobleman, "and considered his own death the only honorable way out. Such matters are still, unhappily, the occasion for dueling. Usually the man who has suffered the wrong, and is thus the challenger, has choice of weapons. Rarely do they fight an 'American duel.' "

"Fists?"

"No. A black and a white ball are placed in a box. The duelists draw. After putting his affairs in order, the man who has drawn the black ball quietly kills himself."

About this time I met Rudolf Balogh. A critical American who knows photographers had called him "a truly great one." He was more: a friendly, generous Hungarian, philosophical, skeptical, more widely read of my country than many Americans.

Balogh had been chief military photographer for Hungary during the World War. Bitter weather and gas-ravaged battlefields had so affected his eyes that now they were always weeping. He looked sad.

OFF TO RURAL HUNGARY

Among Hungary's peasant folk, unchanged by fast-moving centuries, another Hans Christian Andersen today could write new tales around rural characters as naive as ever he found in old Denmark. Rudolf Balogh could illustrate them.

Because of his 30 sympathetic years of journeys among these people, Balogh knew them well. I asked him to show me rural Hungary, and make some color pictures.

"It's late November," he growled. "Short, sunless days. No flowers. Bare fields. I'm a photographer, not a magician!"

He saw my disappointment.

"I *could* make a few color shots by flashlight," he reflected, in milder tones, "of indoor life in winter. But the best of that is in obscure villages, far from railroads."

"I'll get a car," I promised.

"All right. Meet me at half-eight, a week from today, in this coffeehouse."

I went to the Budapest factory branch of Fiat, Italian motor makers. Sixty men worked fast, using the latest types of labor-saving auto service equipment. I saw no sharper break with tradition in all Hungary, whose Government discourages mowing machines, lest scythes find less to do.

A CURB ON HIT-AND-RUN DRIVERS

Men installed magnetic turning semaphores and disconnected tail-lights from dash switches to comply with the Hungarian laws.

"Must I stop, get out, and walk back to turn on the tail light?" I asked George Horovitz, the plant manager, as a midget *Topolino* was being serviced for my use.

"Likewise to turn it off," he replied, "so you can't hit a man at night, cut the lights, and hurry away. Our rear number plates are several times the size of front ones—another curb on hit-and-run driving."

A Hungarian automobile factory Horovitz once ran had failed. "To understand our market," he said, "imagine only five cars in an American suburb of 3,000 people. One Hungarian in 600 has a car.

"New car sales, accurate American business barometer, are considered so here. In 1928, Hungarians bought 2,738 new cars. Then we dropped faster than you did. In 1932, the year America knew despair, only 233 new cars were sold in this entire Nation!

"I've been listening to your campaign speeches on my radio. Your depression is over. So is ours. New car sales in Hungary will reach an all-time record in 1936.

"You brought no driver's license? It usually takes six weeks to get new ones, though an official note might help."

At the obliging bureau of "trade and tourism" I met Hanna Mikes. "Your English is good," I said, though I was thinking of her pleasant looks and manner.

"I like languages," she replied. "Sometimes I work without pay for a travel agency on Váci utca, just to practice them."

I supplied the police with two photographs. They borrowed my passport, inquired even into my religion, then sent me

Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

VISITING KINGS MAY GO BUGGY RIDING, DRAWN BY THIS FIVE-IN-HAND

Silver harness jingles, white manes fly in the wind, sunshine gleams from burnished carriage work, coachmen and footmen sit in resplendent rehearsal here. This equipage is kept for noted guests at Bábolna, near Győr, where spirited Hungarian horses are bred at a Government-owned estate.

across Budapest to a large chill room where one tiny bulb illumined humanity in disrepair. Two bandaged workmen waited beside a crippled peddler. A deranged old woman muttered between tearful daughter and sympathetic policeman.

At last city doctors tested my sight, hearing, and heart, collected a fee, and sent me back to the police station.

The examiner, fortunately, spoke no English. This enabled my bright young interpreter friend to phrase translations carefully into lead questions.

"Is night tooting forbidden in Budapest?"

"Yes," I replied, astonished, "it is!"

The long quiz over, we went to the Department of Commerce, across the city. There I sought to convince the Kingdom of Hungary, by driving its skeptical inspector on trick streets, that its subjects were safe.

TRAFFIC VIOLATORS HAND THE OFFICER A TICKET!

Once again at police headquarters, for five dollars I got my license card in a heavy celluloid-and-metal case. With it were a dozen near-replicas, blank.

"These are traffic tags. Always keep three filled out. When an officer halts you for traffic violation, just hand him a ticket!"

"Hand the *officer* a ticket?"

"Yes. Summons will come by mail."

As I drove proudly away, I glimpsed, crossing the street ahead of us, a hurrying,

birdlike little woman. A pigeon perched on her shoulder; another peered from her big basket. I asked my friend to question her.

"She's a widow, Farkas Györgyné, or 'Mrs. George Wolf,' " he said. "She never begs, 'because it is forbidden,' though people often give her things because she is so old. Officers fighting under Kossuth for our independence in 1848 loved her. She was pretty then. Now she's 104."

Though her face was wrinkled like an old apple long forgotten in the corner of the bin, her gait had been a happy child's.

"I don't believe it," I said.

"All Hungarians carry papers," my companion explained, as Mrs. Wolf drew forth tattered yellow documents. "Yes, they're official," he said, after a scrutiny. "She was born in 1832."

Curious to see how and where she lived, I gave her a coin, and took her address as we drove away.

I went often to the travel agency where Hanna Mikes worked, seeking needless information. At last I found her, and tried to persuade her to go with me on rambles about Budapest, but failed until I described Mrs. Wolf.

"I'd like to talk to *her,*" said Hanna.

Together, we sought the centenarian. Knowledge that Miss Mikes, pronounced "Mickesh," was Countess Mikes, brought no awe of her. Already I knew a Hungarian marquis and two baronesses. They were a guide, a milliner, and a typist.

Of our quarry, a slatternly landlady said, "She *was* here. I asked her to move. All night she burned lights, washed her underwear, sang to her birds—no one knows when she slept. Try the taverns."

A COUNTESS AND A CENTENARIAN

We tried a dozen taverns. Next evening we found Mrs. Wolf in an old wine cellar. Countess and centenarian promptly fell to chatting (page 39).

"What's her secret?" I asked at last.

"Regularity, especially when you're young. But most important is *love.* Only one great love in a lifetime, she thinks, makes that lifetime long."

"Yet she told us of officers in 1848."

"*They* loved *her.* She didn't love them," explained Hanna, "so that doesn't count."

"Her life," I persisted, "isn't regular at all. She doesn't follow her own rules."

"I thought of that," replied Hanna Mikes, "and asked her why she lives so. Instead of replying, she questioned me."

The countess was silent for a moment.

"If *I* had married young, for love and forever; if my husband, children, and all close relatives were dead; if, as old as she, I still liked lights, gypsy music, freedom, and cheerfulness around me—as indeed I do—would I then live as she does, or would I choose the only alternative, the poorhouse, and there—just wait to die? There is only one answer, isn't there?"

Next morning Rudolf Balogh greeted me reprovingly in the coffeeshop. "I said 'half eight,' not 'half nine.' The Lord Mayor'll be waiting in Kecskemét at 10."

I had forgotten that "half eight" in Central Europe is half an hour *before* eight.

TOPOLINO BEARS BURDENS SWIFTLY

After breakfast Rudy looked thoughtfully at my little car. "Well, I guess we can carry it," he said resignedly.

Topolino *was* small, yet we could ride in it. Luggage space held four photo equipment cases, two bags, and a typewriter.

"Kecskemét," guidebooks say, "is an hour and 47 minutes by fast train." Topolino beat that time by a half hour.

Men awaited us in a Kecskemét coffeehouse. "Meet my friend, the Lord Mayor," said Rudy, whimsically.

"Just mayor," replied the attorney-editor. "That's all I was elected."

"Lord Mayor," Rudy insisted, "Kecskemét's bigger than London."

An hour later I was one of 20 passengers aboard a special train, plainsward bound on little rails. I hunted them on my map.

"You won't find this railroad; it is new." The speaker was a teacher of English from a college in the town. "Some visionary dreamers wanted a hard road instead."

I didn't wonder. We passed straining teams pulling farm wagons through sandy trackside mud.

Its staff was here to reopen for us Kecskemét's hotel, closed for the winter. It paid to know the Lord Mayor. Our train halted a few miles short of its destination; the professor and I climbed into a wagon.

We passed new groves of fast-growing locust, hard, tough substitute for natural forest trees still growing—but now in the lost provinces. Then came open, grassy, roadless prairie, the Hungarian *puszta.*

Sheep grazed far away. As we approached them, a furry ball uncurled into

Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

AT THE END OF THE HARVEST TRAIL, THERE'LL BE A THANKSGIVING FEAST

Men with scythes have slashed for days at one big field of wheat; women with sickles have cut stray stalks, then raked and shocked the grain. At last they shoulder their implements and march to the landowner's house. Paprika chicken and wine await them, and all will dance the *csárdás* in the farmyard (page 30, and Color Plate V).

a dog; a squatting shepherd emerged turtlewise from his cone-shaped sheepskin mantle (page 38).

"American? Americans are rich; let's take him into the woods," he suggested genially to my guides, and seemed to be drawing a knife.

He drew only a long pipe. Peasants buy clay bowls for a cent or two, then make their own wood stems. Proffering finely shredded tobacco from a leathern pouch made of a ram's scrotum, he struck a light with flint, steel, and the skill of centuries.

"Chop down that snag and sit by a fire," I suggested, indicating the gaunt gray ghost of a long-dead tree beside a shallow pond.

A SHEPHERD'S TALE OF STORKS

Beneath shaggy old brows, two tired eyes swept the plain, as a lighthouse keeper's scan the sea. As they rested upon the spectral landmark, he shook his head.

"Nearly 20 years ago," he began, "I watched two storks build a nest of sticks in a high crotch of that tree. I called them István and Ilonka. They became my friends in an aloof, storkish way. I helped them sometimes when food was scarce. I returned to the nest many a little stork who'd fallen. So I guess they liked me.

"Last year they worked mighty hard—for old folks—to feed four hungry fledglings. One September day, just before they flew south, Ilonka circled near me several times, as if to say goodbye.

"I never saw her again. István came home in May, after his long African summer, alone and sad. He's a widower now, like me—I know Ilonka's dead. He'll no more have another wife than I will. He's company, like my dog, though he never really comes near.

"Burn up his old home? Never!" The shepherd said it grandly. Then he pulled his head turtlewise into his mantle.

Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

"HOLD TIGHT AND PUSH, ILONKA; MAMMA LEARNED TO WALK THIS WAY!"

Grasping the handlebar firmly, as baby fingers can, little sister will soon lose her awe of it and toddle unaided behind the crude tricycle built long ago by her grandfather. Most of the furniture and utensils within the mud-brick walls of his thatched cottage were made by hand. Despite the low income of this Nógrád county family, its women members own and wear costumes often more costly than those of an American college girl. Folk dress is dying out in many villages because factory-made clothes are cheaper than the hand-fashioned garments.

Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

YARDS OF STARCHED PETTICOATS GYRATE WHEN COUNTRY FOLK TWIRL THE CSÁRDÁS

As athletic as the recently popular "Big Apple," the Hungarian national dance changes tempo violently. Now it is fast, wild, furious; now slow, restrained, and graceful. Smooth glides have no part in it. Booted farmers enjoy it at vintage time in sanded country courtyards; yet it is performed where silken hems brush slipper tops on polished inlaid floors. Feminine fingers rest lightly on stalwart shoulders; men grasp their favorites firmly by the waist (Color Plate V). In an old, barrel-like wine press a barefoot boy tramples juice from grapes to the rhythm of the music.

Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

IN HUNDREDS OF WAGONS, ON THE ROAD ALL NIGHT, COME APRICOTS TO MARKET IN KECSKEMÉT

Many farmers, none with motor trucks, left home the evening before. Earliest comers arrived soon after midnight, awaiting buyers who ship prime fruit to Budapest and abroad by special trains. Carloads of sticky apricot marmalade, as essential as coffee to a complete breakfast in Hungary, are produced here annually.

Photograph by L. E. Bressey

GOING HOME FROM CHURCH, WOMEN OF KAZÁR RUSTLE STARCHILY PAST A WELL CRANE

Young girls are gay with color; older women dress in black, yet all wear pleated petticoats on Sundays. Tile-roofed houses, cheaper to insure against fire, are gradually displacing the thatched cottages still common in Hungarian villages.

WHIPS CRACK LIKE PISTOL SHOTS; TAILS AND MANES ARE FLYING; A HUNDRED HUNGARIAN HORSES THUNDER OVER THE PLAIN

Photographs by Rudolf Balogh

BACKWARD WALKS THE FOREMAN AS "FORWARD, MARCH!" HE CRIES; ONWARD MOVES HIS ARMY—DOWN ROWS OF SUGAR BEETS

Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

STAMPEDE? NO, HUNGARIAN LONGHORNS ARE CHASED TOWARD A BRIDGE IN A CLOUD OF DUST

A horse, a colt, and a cowboy lead the charge to the span; yelling drovers follow. These strong, heavy cattle, sharp-horned yet docile, are used as draft animals on farms in Hungary. There the water buffalo, too, still pulls plows and wagons.

Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

POULTRY FOR BRITISH TABLES IS WEIGHED ON BRITISH SCALES

Freshly killed chickens from racks are crated for shipment to industrial England, whence come factory goods in trade for food. From Budafok, a shipping point near Budapest, much pork, too, is sent, and wine in tank carloads.

Photograph by John Patric

IN MOHÁCS A LOAF OF BREAD IS A LOAD

As it is kneaded in a wooden tray, straw burns long in a thick, beehive-shaped oven. After the fire is raked away, the wheat loaf is baked so slowly that its thick crust must be swabbed with water as it cools to keep it soft enough to cut. Heavy, crumbly, the color of American rye bread, it will keep a week or two.

Four girls of Kecskemét knelt in the sand. Slowly, as if to the gypsy's mournful music, they turned 25 roasting chickens (Plate X).

We dined in the inn. Gallons of chicken soup buoyed cornmeal dumplings, firm and tender. Plates were heaped with hot sauerkraut, white and red. Tokay wine—it came first from Tokaj, in Hungary—flowed like a topaz torrent that would run forever.

Until yellow lamplight time we danced the csárdás with the girls who had cooked and served our dinner.

"GEESE AREN'T SELLING TODAY"

We returned to Kecskemét that night. Next morning the central square had become a market place. Peasants from afar, on the way all night in jogging wagons, had taken choice places before dawn (page 31).

Each had paid toll to enter town. Market fees, in addition, were as low as three cents for those who lugged their wares.

"Geese aren't selling today," said an old woman standing beside a wheelbarrow containing four fowls so creamy white I was sure she had washed them (page 50). "I live four hours away. Market space for my wheelbarrow costs six cents. If my geese don't sell, I'll take them home again," she replied philosophically to my questions.

Far, far out on the puszta, its site commanding the horizon and little else, Kecskemét has planted a grove of long-leaf pines, and in it built an inn. Hoofbeats were silent on the sandy road as we turned into the woods. Somewhere a gypsy's melancholy violin sang sadly of lost love; harness clips tinkled a merry overtone, as if a lady laughed to hear.

There was a little clearing in the pine woods; leaves lay deep and brown around a clump of mixed young hardwoods within it. Some had been raked aside. A charcoal fire was glowing beneath our dinner.

The market was zoned. Here was poultry; there, sauerkraut and pickles; yonder, cheeses. Crisp cabbage mountains surveyed a vegetable kingdom.

Here were neat piles, each heap containing seven or eight items—perhaps a carrot, half an onion, a turnip, a cabbage quarter, some greens, a parsnip, and part of a rutabaga. "Vegetable soup for four," said Rudolf Balogh. "It costs a cent."

We walked past coopers' stocks — barrels, kegs, and tubs. Here were rope-makers' displays, or brooms and brushes spread upon the pavement. There sat a fur-clad weaver of baskets and here a cobbler. A blacksmith flailed his arms to keep them warm. Around him were handmade shovels, hoes, and hayforks. None had handles; buyers make their own.

Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

BAREFOOT POWER SILENTLY SPINS THE POTTER'S WHEEL

On a simple machine of wood, stone, and only a bit of iron—little changed since ancient Egyptians devised it—a Mezőtúr ceramics maker, his clayey fingers dipped often in water, shapes a whirling vase. It will dry awhile outdoors before it is baked and glazed in a crude kiln. Often, on such earthenware, appears an 18th-century motto: "No handicraft can with our art compare; for pots are made of what we potters are."

Leaving the market, Rudy and I drove eastward to the dikes, somewhat back from the Tisza River, which protect low-lying farm land. Strips of river bank and wooded islands formed by quiet bayous are not so defended. There dwell pioneers.

Rudy and I followed a trail by a slough. Ice formed slowly in pools beside it. A damp man fished from a boat, and as we paused by the warmth of an ashen phantom of a fire he had built on the bank, he rowed ashore and greeted us.

He had learned English in a British prison camp. "I ran Austrian messages," he said, pulling little baked potatoes from the ashes and dividing them.

"We just caught a carp," he continued. "We'll broil it. Do you like nuts?"

I nodded. From the ashes now he raked scores of hard-shelled, black, thumb-size water chestnuts that might have been skulls of sharp-horned little lizards.

FOR WINDY WINTERS ON THE PLAIN, OVERCOATS ARE THICK

Rough blanket cloth in this driver's embroidered, streamlined, galeproof garment is almost too heavy to wrinkle. Horizons seem limitless here, yet this fenceless steppe lies within the "city limits" of Kecskemét, population 82,000, more than ten times the area of San Francisco.

Photographs by John Patric

SHEEPSKIN MANTLES, SHEPHERDS SAY, SHED BOTH HEAT AND COLD

Fur coats are worn summer and winter by the pup and his master. Intelligent Hungarian sheep dogs, which obey a word or a wave of the hand, are used also by cattlemen and swineherds. On the distant horizon, when the steppe is hot in summer, there sometimes appears mysterious *Fata Morgana*, a cruel mirage conjured, legend says, by Morgan le Fay, an evil fairy, to deceive tired travelers.

Photograph by John Patric

"HOW MUST I LIVE," ASKS THE COUNTESS, "TO BE 104, LIKE YOU?"

Replied Mrs. George Wolf, born in 1832, "Be regular in everything, and fall in love but once." The centenarian likes to sit in the taverns, munch bread, and listen to gypsy music. Her teeth have been gone for decades; now her gums are hard enough for chewing (page 27).

"They catch in our nets," he said, cutting the tough shell with his jackknife. Pure-white kernels tasted like hard lumps of laundry starch I had liked as a child, with traces here of some rare spice.

BOOTLEG TOBACCO

He led me into a brush shanty, unslung a pair of boots from the cross-pole where corn was drying. "Have some of my own tobacco."

He extended a bootleg tightly packed with unstemmed natural leaf. Since tobacco is a closely controlled, high-profit government monopoly, possession of unprocessed leaf by unrecognized growers is akin to running a distillery in the attic. Revenue men are at war with rugged individuals who persist in raising their own in backyards or quiet glades.

Landward of the dikes we visited the trim, plastered, three-room house of a richer farmer. Its thick walls were "peasant brick," sun-baked mud and straw (page 29). Near it a modern little gristmill ground out flour; two fat horses walking in a circle provided power.

We entered a snug, neat, low-roofed barn of mud brick. Windows were few and small. We opened the tightly fitting door; a cloud of fog seemed to rush ahead as freezing outdoor air condensed warm humidity within. Bodies and breath of 40 head of livestock were the source of a moist temperature I estimated to be 70 degrees.

A boy, 24, slept in that warm barn, as peasant men do in Hungary. He earned 190 pengő and his keep—$38 a year. He saved most of it. Some day he, too, hoped to become a proprietor.

Hungarian plainsmen preserve the independence of nomad forefathers. As we drove westward, I recalled a story.

Emperor Franz Josef walked in a Budapest park, pleased at bows and awed greetings of urban subjects. A plainsman on a bench neither rose nor spoke.

"Who are you? Where do you live?" asked the ruler, seating himself.

"I raise horses in Debrecen," replied the man, between puffs on a long pipe.

"That's fine. Do you know me?"

"No."

"I'm Franz Josef, your King."

"That's fine, too," remarked the plainsman. He spat, and kept on smoking.

We slithered slowly in second or oozed onward in low toward Kalocsa. I seemed, in a nightmare, to be driving a diminutive, underpowered tank over ploughed fields after a flood. Peasants in high boots walked like flies through syrup.

Rudy's forthright map, trilingual, had warned us: "The occasinal state of a route depends on weather and the fashion it is mended by. Before starting on such ones it is best to take informations."

TOLLS, TAXES, AND LICENSE FEES

Gasoline is 35 cents a gallon, mostly tax, in Hungary. Automobile license fees are enormous. Yet medieval toll gates halt wagons and automobiles at most Hungarian towns. Motorists may pay many times in an afternoon's driving. Car fee is 20 cents, almost two days' cash earnings of some farm hands.

We slid wearily to a muddy halt before a Kalocsa inn that night. After a goulash dinner, Rudy repaired a camera as I sat listening to gypsy music. The innkeeper brought four different blank "hotel register" forms. I counted 73 dotted lines on the first, 43 on the next—239 in all.

Patiently Rudy filled in one blank as I told him my family history. The innkeeper wrote answers to other questions, copied the results upon other blanks, then took them with my passport to the police.

"I'd have trouble," Rudy said, as I grumbled, "with police registry forms in small American towns."

"You'd merely write 'Rudolf Balogh, Budapest.' "

He still doesn't believe me.

We visited a Calvinist school next day in near-by Érsekcsanád. On the single little blackboard beside a table of metric weights and measures, I wrote the name of the President of the United States.

"Who is he?" I asked.

Only one little girl raised her hand.

"I know, mister," she said, proudly. "He's the King!"

We dined with a farm family on St. Nicholas Day, the sixth of December, in their seldom-used guest room where apples mellowed on rafters, sacred pictures hung, and linen was stored.

They gave us chicken broth, yellow with melted fat and hand-rolled egg macaroni. Roast chickens came next. Forlorn they looked, for they still wore feet and heads. Rice-and-meat, sharply paprika-spiced, followed stuffed cabbage.

Last of all, except for grapes and red wine, was strudel. That noble dessert came hot and serpentlike, curled round and round the bottom of a low, flat pan big as a washtub bottom (Plate XV).

There were three kinds. Dough smoother than finest piecrust had been rolled about fillings of chopped apples and walnuts, chopped apples alone, or poppy seeds ground with sugar.

After dinner, iron-studded boot heels clinked on the flagstones of the long, narrow porch. There was heavy knocking.

"I wonder who it can be," mused the farmer, mysteriously, "on such a windy winter night?"

"Mikulás!" chorused most of the children happily.

"Maybe it's Krampus," whispered János, darkly, to his little brother Mihály.

THE HUNGARIAN SANTA CLAUS

The farmer walked slowly to the door. There, in a "Santa Claus" robe, stood St. Nicholas. Icy wind whipped his beard.

"God brings you," greeted the farmer in the country manner. "Come in, Mikulás!"

Stepping across the threshold, Mikulás shut the door. "Krampus is out there. He says to ask if the children have been good."

Apprehension chased joy from childish faces. Krampus, a vindictive, black, horned devil, likes to spank *bad* children.

"The girls have *all* been good," said their father.

Dimples reappeared.

"Yet I think Krampus should visit awhile with my son János—"

"Please, no, daddy!" wailed little János, miserably. "I'll do everything you say. I'll come right home from school. I'll—"

"You're *sure,* János?"

János was.

The farmer nodded. Mikulás reopened the door. "You can go away, Krampus," he called into the gloom. "Write 'János' in your book. Ask of him *next* year."

All again was gayety. Mikulás stuffed candy and nuts into the children's boots. He had jackknives for János and Mihály, thread and embroidery patterns for their sisters. He remained long enough for a bite of chicken and a hearty drink of the

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Agfacolor Photograph by Hans Hildenbrand

BEAUTY IS NOT ITS OWN EXCUSE FOR BEING, IN RURAL HUNGARY!

Working barefoot in the fields beside their fathers, mothers, and brothers, farm girls in summer are busy from dawn to dusk. The sun is still high; an Eger miss walks home early and happily, laden with vegetables. Perhaps today is *her* day to cook the family dinner.

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Agfacolor Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

AS WHEN NOMAD ANCESTORS TREKKED THE ASIAN STEPPES, MAGYAR WOMEN DELIGHT THEIR MEN WITH COOKERY UNDER THE SKY

On wooden spits, 25 chickens for 15 people are roasting over glowing charcoal on the Bugac Plain. Living in the town of Kecskemét, not in the country, these young women prefer modern clothes and wrist watches to folk dress. The polka-dot creations are waitresses' uniforms.

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Autochrome Lumière by Rudolf Balogh

FARMS ARE SMALL, LIFE IS HARD, HOMES ARE SIMPLE HERE; YET MÁTRA MOUNTAIN MAIDENS WEAR RICHES IN THEIR DRESS

Seven or eight expensive and pleated skirts, starched so stiffly that sitting is virtually impossible, are necessary for Sunday. "Lyons" is a synonym for "silk" among country women of northern Hungary, because formerly all their flower-woven ribbons came from that French city.

GRANDMA TEACHES GOOD LITTLE GIRLS TO CARD AND SPIN NEW HEMP

A Váralja woman combs home-grown yellow fibers between thin points of her round, spiked card, built fifty years ago by the man who initialed it. She will weave them into tablecloths like the one in her lap. The village spinning wheel maker built her wheel last year.

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PAPER HANGERS FIND NO WORK WHERE PLASTERED WALLS ARE PAINTED

A professional decorator of Homokmégy (right) tries out new designs for the porch wall. Her daughter, in hand-embroidered jacket, is learning, while the boy in store-cloth blouse watches enviously.

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Agfacolor Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

WHILE LADIES BID HEARTS IN THE CITY, YARN IS SPINNING IN THE COUNTRY

Seated on a semicircular bench around a warm, beehive-shaped masonry oven fired from the next room (Color Plate VI) and extending into the parlor, girls of Tard chat as they spin flax and hemp. Soon come refreshments, like "five o'clock tea"; afterwards, boys of the village, joining them, may be given mellow apples from the rafters. In many villages these distaffs and whirling bobbins are preferred to the spinning wheel (opposite page). They are fast in skilled fingers.

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"BYE BYE, DEAR—YOU'LL BE A LONG TIME MARRIED"

Deeply religious, as the sacred pictures reveal, rural Hungarians wed in solemn ceremony. Booted friends of a recent Buják bride are about to end a friendly call. Two tones of packed clay form this parlor floor.

Agfacolor Photographs by Rudolf Balogh

BEAU BRUMMELLS OF BÁNK WEAR APRONS

Hand-embroidered hems, collars, and shirt fronts are no mark of femininity along the northern border. The girl's dress is holiday costume of her village, Őrhalom, where floors of many simple homes are earthen.

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Agfacolor Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

THEIR MEN ARE DINING APART; THAT IS THE SOCIAL TRADITION IN RURAL HUNGARY

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"YOU THREW THE WATER ON ME—SO PICK OUT YOUR EASTER EGG!"

Hungarian boys at Easter chase girls down village streets, attempting to douse them with perfumed water. Maidens then invite these tormentors to their homes to reward them with Easter eggs, hand-painted, as is the furniture. On the wall is an English scale still used by conservatives, though the metric system is official in Hungary today. These Rimoc folk, in Sunday clothes, have driven far over bad winter roads in a farm wagon to a Government ethnographical museum in Balassagyarmat. In realistic settings like this, the finest peasant art is being collected while it is plentiful and cheap, against the future when rural Hungary "goes modern."

red wine that brings two cents a quart to these farms, costs twenty in Budapest.

We traveled two weeks among Danube folk. For years I'll taste their dinners in my dreams, ride their roads in my nightmares, and look backward with wistful nostalgia upon the kindly warmth of their hospitality.

The thought of dismembered Hungary saddened me at first. Maps of the proud old nation were like strange pictures of a strong man living without arms and legs. I remember, too, a painting of a bowed old Hussar, battle-scarred and gray, his fighting legions marching only across dim shadows of his memory.

Postwar treaties forbade large armies to the Central Powers. Might another nation disavow her covenant, rebuild her fighting forces, reassert her ancient right to power and to glory?

Hungary has not.

Few sons of that Fatherland march to martial music. Not all its bacon, sugar, wheat, and pink goose livers are sold to buy new guns. No roaring bombers frighten the fat sheep that graze its plains.

Danube farms are snug and food-stocked. Unworried seem the mothers of carefree, playing children. Weary farmers rest, smoke, and sip their wine when day is done. Strong sons, unconscripted, are ready to help them.

That frontiers are nearer, that pomp and power and pageantry have faded, matter little on the farm.

We drove across the little Kingdom to the colder, rocky highlands north of Budapest, where Hungary's new frontier is the Ipoly River.

The Nógrád county prison in Balassagyarmat is an old round tower. From a high window we looked across the frozen frontier into Czechoslovakia.

SMUGGLING ACROSS A NEW FRONTIER

Men were exercising in the snowy yard.

"What brings *him* here?" I asked, indicating one old man.

"Smuggling," the warden said. "He was born and raised over there beyond the Ipoly. For thirty years he crossed with produce. Now, though the stream runs on as always, that farther shore is a foreign nation. Some articles retail more cheaply there than Hungary can manufacture them.

"Recently he stole across that frontier stream with lighter flints and sold them. He was arrested and imprisoned. He cannot understand. Smuggling across the Ipoly will never seem a crime to him. He'll do it again when he's free."

Prisoners earned a cent or two daily. It was not paid in cash, but placed in a loan fund.

"Suppose," explained the warden, "the wife of a prisoner we trust is dying. We allow him to go to her. He may borrow from this fund to pay his railroad fare. Suppose a man is broke when we release him. He can walk home, even some distance, but he needs money for food."

POOR IN LAND; RICH IN FOLKWAYS

Farmers in hilly Nógrád county, poor in land and money, seem to be richer in folkways. "They are imaginative and resourceful," said the museum curator in Balassagyarmat, showing me an old horn. "Its owner used this to find wild honey. Catching several dozen bees, he released them from this little hole at intervals, observed their flight and went directly to their nest."

The ethnologist showed me a near life-size wood statue of St. Anthony of Padua among a collection of round, braided-grass beehives. "Boys had been throwing rocks at the hives; gypsies had been stealing honey. So from a log the beekeeper made a hive in the likeness of the patron saint of bees."

It worked. No boy threw stones at the Saint; no gypsy, however honey-hungry, stole what it protected.

One twilight I walked along the snowy streets of Őrhalom. Grimacing, foolish faces peered at me through cottage windows. Vacuous pedestrians smiled stupidly or scowled dully. I felt uneasy in the dusk when I saw one weird woman clutching to her breast a headless rag doll.

Was all the village mad?

Rudy, waiting in the store, explained that 900 of the 1,400 patients of the Balassagyarmat mental hospital were "boarded out" to villagers at thirteen cents a day.

"Most are healthier and happier so," explained the superintendent. "Many harmless patients develop fear or hatred of these unfamiliar asylum surroundings."

Snow fell lightly that afternoon as Rudy and I left Balassagyarmat for Gyöngyös. Frequently we detoured, for culverts are repaired in winter when traffic, shunted around them, may cross ice-paved creeks

Photograph by John Patric

THE GOOSE YEARNS FOR HOME AS FATEFUL MARKET NEARS

Walking miles to town, a farm woman carries a creamy-white bird to Kecskemét to sell. For weeks she has forcibly fed her fowl with corn; now its enlarged pink liver, an epicurean delight, is worth as much as all the rest of it.

and frozen quagmires. Warmly fermenting barnyard manure, packed against hardening concrete of bridges and culverts, kept it from freezing.

LIGHT IS A LUXURY

Thickening snowfall whipped before us in the gathering darkness. We lost our way. Despairing of reaching Gyöngyös, we halted in a dark, snow-swept village. Its gloomy main street was illumined by flickering lanterns shining faintly from a few coffinlike glass cases.

Sluggish rivers, unlike the mountain torrents around former frontiers, provide scant water power. Larger towns make frugal use of steam-generated electricity. Costly kerosene often provides the only village light. Whole families sit around one dim lamp scarcely visible to passers-by.

There was an inn in this village, far back from the street. We drove past rotting timbered doors in an age-old archway, down a walled lane to a protected courtyard where snowy trees glistened brightly in the anachronistic beams of Topolino's lights.

Rudy ordered a cold room for himself, "double heating" for me. Hungarian hotels do not ordinarily include service, taxes, or heating in rental fees. Hostelries boasting steam heat usually turn it on briefly each day in winter weather, depending on weather-stripped double windows to retain the warmth. Hardy Hungarians, used to sleeping "cold," need not buy heating.

Steam-heated hotels seemed to me less comfortable than washbowl - and - pitcher inns with wood stoves, where I could pay for "double heating"—twice the usual amount of wood—open the windows slightly and enjoy both warmth and fresh air.

My room was chilly. A tiny fire burned deep in its big stove. A large woodbox was nearly empty. I put in the stove what fuel remained and called the landlord.

He must have understood. I said it was cold, in Hungarian, pointing to the

Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

WARM WORK FOR THE WOMEN, BUT IT WILL BE COOL FOR THE RAM

Mezőhegyes matrons shear old winter overcoats from sheep to make new garments for men. Though Hungary imports English fabrics, it weaves and exports woolens. In chill Helsinki, Finland, the author once bought a coat from an enthusiastic tailor who boasted, "The goods are Hungarian!"

empty woodbox. I huddled, shivering, in my overcoat, and went "B-r-r-r!"

He shrugged and departed. No wood arrived.

I piled furniture around the woodbox, laid a chair on its side, removed a loose rung, opened the stove, and rang again.

Leisurely reappearing, my shocked host found me grinning, posed as if about to trample his furniture into firewood.

Wood, armloads of it, came at once.

Next morning a glum, sneezing Rudy waited for me in the dining room. Breakfast had been tasted and pushed aside.

"This," he observed, "is the worst hotel in Hungary." His windows, with broken fasteners, had blown open. He had awakened three hours early, covered with snow.

Topolino was cold; the starter scarcely turned. We shut off the gasoline and built a steady little fire of straw beneath the motor. I had heard of arctic explorers starting airplane motors in similar fashion.

"A PERFECT BREAKFAST"

Rudy promised me "a perfect breakfast" in Kazár, 20 miles away. We shoved hungrily onward through snowdrifts over winding roads, across rolling country and icy hills. We passed trudging peasants and a tinker whose tools and tin protruded upward from a box on his back.

Rudy said such men, common in Central Europe, earned scarcely enough cash

Photograph by John Patric

VILLAGE ARISTOCRACY RIDES TO TOWN IN STATE

The young lady's father, progressive master farmer, operates the estate in Kazár where Rudolf Balogh's promise of a "perfect breakfast" was so happily fulfilled. She does not usually wear folk dress, yet she owns a peasant wardrobe, as her mother did, and likes to don part of it when she joins the festivities of villagers. Fine horses and carriages, not automobiles, are still a mark of rural wealth and position.

to buy solder, tin, and wire. Like old-time troubadours, they were paid in food and lodging. Swineherds blew on crooked horns at villages; aproned women chased straying pigs from their yards.

Morning was almost gone when we halted at the manor house of an old Hungarian estate.

"Now order your best breakfast," commanded Rudy, as we sat with the farm superintendent before a crackling fire. Our host, Rudy added, would be proud to fill a large order. So I asked for fried chicken, ham and eggs, toast with jam and honey, palacsinta, apples fried in butter, and coffee with thick cream.

Rudy's order came with mine. *He* had requested a huge slab of smoked bacon, virtually all fat. Sliced with his jackknife, dipped in paprika, and eaten raw, that was *his* "perfect breakfast."

We remained two days at Kazár. The son of the owner showed me around the farm.

"We have at Kazár," he said, "the first horned horse since the unicorn."

I bet him that horned horses didn't exist.

He led me to the stables, pointed to two bumps like hazelnuts on the forehead of one of his friendly saddle horses.

"Warts, or something!" I scoffed.

"Stroke his forehead."

I did so. Two identical, well-placed bony growths poked almost through the skin. Still sure there were no horned horses, I nevertheless lost that bet.

Some Kazár villagers were small landowners or renters. Some mined coal at much less than a dollar a day. Others labored seasonally on the estate, where even gypsies were employed.

A Romany rye is a person who understands gypsies. Rudy said the superintendent had been so kind and patient with gypsy ways and shortcomings that here the

Photograph by Rudolf Balogh

DRY GOURDS RESEMBLING PUMPKINS FLOAT LIKE TOY BALLOONS

Supported by home-grown "water wings," a country girl of Báta practices the breast stroke in the Danube. Though a dreamy waltz calls it "blue," the silty river is never quite that color. In prehistoric times, as today, it bore rich sediment to the mountain-rimmed valley that now is Hungary. Nomadic Magyars, trekking westward from Asia with flocks and horses, found a land so fertile that they wandered no more.

"YOU MISSED, SIR! YOU'LL GET NO EASTER EGG!"

It's an age-old Hungarian rite, to douse a girl at Easter time, and win a reward of hard-boiled eggs she has painted (Plate XVI). Here the bucket was drawn, by turning a worn wagon wheel, from a well in the yard of a thatched cottage. "Shorty the Sheriff," they say, introduced Mezőkövesd derbies, worn by lads of that village. To make himself appear taller, long ago an undersized official adopted high heels and small-diameter hats.

children even went to school and the women, with few customers for soothsaying, were spinning and knitting.

Time was when gypsies could be bought, sold, or inherited like slaves. Their life among the Magyars was long unhappy, though Liszt—mistakenly, some critics believe—credits to them the origin of Hungarian music.

When, in 1782, supposed murder victims could not be found, 45 Hungarian gypsies were tortured until, stretched in anguish on the rack, they moaned: "We ate them."

After a monstrous execution, it developed that there had been no murder. That year Hungary freed the gypsies.

Today this ancient race, despite an aversion to work and a tendency to thievery, lives untroubled in Hungary. Cafe musicians are its aristocracy.

Commoners, poor and often barefoot, live all winter in shanties or rag tents, eating anything they can get—sometimes even boiled crow. Abandoned clay or gravel pits are favored townsites. In summer they follow a vagrant trade as coppersmiths, tinkers, or even horse traders.

A "VILLAGE" OF 20,000 PEOPLE

From Eger we went to Mezőkövesd,* a "village" preserving that simple government despite a population of 20,000. We slept in one of its hotels, and drove by day to Tard, a little village in the hollow of the hills, constructed ingeniously and long ago of Nature's simplest building materials—mud, straw, and brush.

Lajos, a plainly dressed lad of 20, was always eager to help us and to carry our heavy equipment. Seeing the poor little house he lived in, Rudy tried to pay him. Lajos refused money, asking instead for a ride in Topolino.

My passenger's first request was that I halt "right before the front window" of the village store. He went in, and emerged with a black cigar that smouldered as aromatically as a fine Havana burning on an

* See "A Sunday in Mezőkövesd," by Margery Rae, in THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for April 1935.

Photograph by John Patric

SCHOOLGIRLS SEW, READ, AND PRAY FOR RESTORATION OF OLD FRONTIERS

In the country, where mother works all winter on one Sunday outfit, and grandma's girlhood gowns are stylish still, daughter learns needlework. Boys in back seats of this Érsekcsanád schoolroom practice whittling, that their craftsmanship may supply handles for their wives' hayforks and cradles for their first-born. Leaning against the sewing basket, and used to help balance it when it is carried to school on the head, is a *tekercs,* or soft cloth ring (page 14). Against the wall is the U-shaped pipe of a small stove and the coat of arms of Hungary, held between two angels.

expensive rug. At passing friends Lajos waved the hand that held it.

Thinking to please the boy, I started down the main road toward the paved Budapest-Miskolc highway, where we might ride fast. Lajos demurred, insisting on repeating circuits of the same side streets. One house seemed to interest him. It was big. It had a tile roof. More geese than usual waddled in the muddy lane beside it. A girl waved as we approached it the fourth time.

We halted. She minced gingerly through the mud to her front gate. Lajos alighted like a cavalier. Three could not ride in Topolino. He motioned her to his place. She hesitated.

The girl's stout, determined mother interrupted his ardent persuasion. Disregarding mud, startling geese, she marched toward us. Ignoring us, she led her daughter firmly into the house again.

Lajos tossed his cigar at a fat goose.

I drove Rudy back toward the capital. Our work was over. I should soon leave Hungary, and miss his gentle irony.

A few evenings later I left Budapest. An English-speaking Hungarian sat with me as my train halted at the frontier and foreign customs men entered to examine us.

"Twenty years ago," he sighed, "you might have traveled onward all night from this frontier town, and still have been in Hungary at breakfast time.

"In Geneva a few years ago," he continued, "we sought certain modifications of the Treaty of Trianon. Neighbor nations, in denying them, said we would never be permitted to regain our power.

"Count Albert Apponyi, our League of Nations delegate, stood up.

" 'I'm past 80,' he said. 'I've seen the rise and fall of the German Empire. I've seen the rise and fall of the Second Empire in France. I've seen the rise and fall of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. I've seen the fall of the Ottoman Empire, the fall of the Russian Empire, and the rise of Italy.

" 'Gentlemen, the word *never* means nothing to me.' "

Photograph by Hans Engelmeyer

JUDGE THE MAGNITUDE OF "EUROPA'S" COLOSSAL ANCHOR BY THE MEN BELOW!

Painters on the raft are retouching the white figures, which show how many feet or meters of water a vessel is drawing. Sometimes an anchor, being hoisted or lowered, scratches these figures; then they must be repainted. To lose such a huge anchor means to drop thousands of dollars worth of metal and chain.

Pigtails and Feet Fly as Bouncing Girls Elude Their Jumping Rope

Many of Army's 1,200 Wacs on duty here give generously of their free time to train girls in arts, crafts, and athletics. At this same youth center, near Frankfurt, Capt. Michael Leiluhua Bray, of Honolulu, works with boys' classes, teaching mechanics, radio and other repair work, woodworking, painting, photography, and greeting-card design, as well as boxing and other sports.

active in GYA, distributed prizes ranging from cameras and zippered windbreakers to fountain pens, shoes, shirts, and 50 other items.

"GYA arouses increasing interest among American children back in the States," says Lt. Col. Robert C. Hall, of European Command's Education Branch. "This comes through our 'Youth Helps Youth' Plan."

On Hall's desk I saw many letters from members of Midwest 4-H Clubs, addressed to the editor of the *Prairie Farmer* at Chicago, inspired by an article it printed on GYA's "Youth Helps Youth" Plan.

As such letters reach Hall, he pairs them off, for exchange of letters, with similar age groups here in our Zone. Replies from the German youngsters are not begging letters; they simply explain what the German clubs are like, their purpose, size, etc. (page 548).

With each German club letter goes a covering note from Hall, explaining to the American clubs that, while the Germans are not begging, any American old clothes or other supplies will be welcome.

"It's not our job," says Colonel Hall, "to make raving converts to American democracy of German youth. Instead, we hope to build a reservoir of good will which can last through several generations.

"That's why we want 'Youth Helps Youth' to speed up interchange of ideas. German children are starved for news of the outside world. Older people are, too; you see that in the 28 Information Centers, or 'American Houses,' whose rich libraries of American and British technical and scientific journals are eagerly read by doctors, lawyers, engineers, and others who for years have been shut off from the sound thinking of the outside world.

"But it's younger people, up to 25, we seek to influence. Their questions at our debates about American ways, machines, schools, and labor problems are deep and searching. These Youth-to-Youth letters are a stout link. If German and American children bury the hatchet, we can lay a basis for good relations between the countries that may keep us out of another war when we have quit Germany and these young folks are running it."

I talked with one German superintendent of

Not an Emperor, or a Baron on a Boar Hunt—but a Hack Driver!

His white beard, and that shaving brush and green hat, draw many wisecracks from GIs vacationing around Garmisch. For years a winter sports area and all-year Bavarian Alps resort, it's the happy holiday ground now for constant streams of American soldiers. They ride its horse-drawn hacks, hold fräuleins' hands, learn German, and "improve international relations." But if a GI marries a fräulein, he must start for the States with her within 30 days.

schools. He said too there's a sad shortage of trained teachers. Too many were confirmed Nazis and hence are not allowed now by MG to resume teaching. He wishes teachers might be sent over from America, and feels that a wider exchange of college students between Germany and the United States would work mightily for better international understanding and be a barrier against the spread of communism.*

German mothers, I found, are grateful to both British and American women who have helped obtain medicines, clothing, and other needed things from England and the States.

I talked with the wives of several officers active in this work. One wrote to American wholesale drug houses for needed medicines, cod-liver oil, etc. One firm sent $3,000 worth of vitamins. Another American woman wrote for baby talcum powder and received a shipment of 37 *tons*, for distribution among hospitals.

"I'm a former member of the University of Minnesota Faculty Women's Club," said one American woman. "I wrote to old friends in it, and now get about three boxes a week of thread, needles, buttons, clothing, toothbrushes, etc. In one child clinic I found only 10 combs in use among 350 patients."

The writer himself found out how scarce buttons are. He lost one off his pants, asked the German housekeeper at Frankfurt's Park Hotel to sew it on. But he had to make an hour's trip to an Army PX to buy both thread and button, for the housekeeper had none.

In both the British and American Zones Army women also raise money by putting on shows, giving dances, bingo parties, etc.

One group in Munich put on a cake sale, cut the cake into four parts, and sold each at auction. Then the buyer would put it up and sell it again, till that one cake brought in more than $100.

In Heidelberg the Army women, WAC, and wives of American civilian employees retrieve all empty flour sacks from the post bakery and make underwear for German children.

* Since the above was written, the author has been informed by the Department of the Army that this program has been vastly accelerated.

Elizabeth Brown, Boston born, started Heidelberg GYA girls' center a year ago, with a membership of 35. Now she has 1,138 girls enrolled.

Though most GYA workers despair of changing the thinking habits of German adults or former Nazis, more than 400 German mothers visited this center in one month, took tea, and watched their daughters at work and play. Some of its discussion group are students at Heidelberg University.

I heard choral groups sing "Swanee River" and "My Old Kentucky Home." I heard some of these girls sing at American church services. These maidens make blouses, suits, skirts, and dresses from old uniforms, blankets, parachutes, and other materials collected by GYA from our armed forces.

Besides dressmaking, pattern cutting, and sewing, there are classes in music, English, photography, etc.

Many of the Wacs work in spare hours with these girls. "To talk English with fine American women is a source of excitement and joy to our girls," said Mrs. Brown. "It brings them new ways of self-expression and confidence.

"While we try, at these centers, to *live democracy* without specifically mentioning it, at our talks with older girls we do embrace the chance to tell about the form of government in the States . . . and let them reflect on what kind of government might be best for the Germany of tomorrow, which they must inherit."

MG aims at no "thought control." It wants Germans to think for themselves; to draw on their own rich, historic cultural resources in getting re-educated, yet conform to "certain universally valid principles of justice," such as toleration, respect for human dignity, and the free exchange of right ideas among all men and nations.

Some 200 German students have already been sent to the States. Their expenses are paid by private sponsors, by universities and religious bodies.

American Overseas Airlines, Inc.

Counting His Chickens *After* They're Hatched

He's Bobby, young son of Col. Walter S. Lee of Washington, D. C., Commander of Rhein-Main Airbase. Hatched at Frankfurt from top-grade Leghorn eggs flown from America, these chicks will help improve German poultry stock. They belong to farmer Erich Notzon, who served three years in prison camp for listening to American news broadcasts.

Education for Our Own Soldiers in Germany

German youth learns another useful lesson, from seeing how well Uncle Sam treats and trains his own soldiers. General Bradley told me of his keen personal interest in this

Girl Workers from Frankfurt Factories Frolic at Summer Camp in the Taunus Mountains

They dance to accordion music at a former Hitler Youth hostel. Winter sports are also held here. Army's GYA helps run the camp. The author and photographer Roberts ate lunch with this lively party of 100 girls—a lunch of "soup" (without a meat stock of any kind), boiled potatoes without salt or pepper, and a nondescript fish chowder. But the vivacious young ladies did not appear underfed.

phase of the U. S. Army's giant German job.

The day a new soldier lands from the States this work starts. He's told why the American Army of Occupation is here, and what part he must play. He's told how to behave toward Germans, what pitfalls to avoid, and he's also grounded in the history of Germany and the folkways of its people.

Haughty Prussian military men treated enlisted men very differently. I once saw an Uhlan officer whack a trooper over the back with the flat of his saber for not currying a mount properly. While riding around Germany lately with an American colonel and a sergeant, the latter took his meals with us and was freely consulted by his superior. Caste-bound Germans marvel at such signs of the new American way.

German youth, hungry for knowledge, marvels too at the schooling our soldiers get. This is partly carried on by the Troop Information and Education Service, or "I & E" of the European Command. It runs the well-known *Stars and Stripes* newspaper, the armed forces radio network, and brings the troops their weekly *I & E Bulletin* for use in debates.

It also conducts Armed Forces Institute (USAFI) courses, supplies textbooks, and

Dinkelsbühl Rewards Its Children

Every Year This Medieval German Town Repays a 300-year-old Debt to Youngsters Who Saved It from Fire and Pillage

By Charles Belden

With Photographs in Color by the Author

RED-HOT cannon balls soared over the ramparts of Dinkelsbühl, aimed to set fires and blow up the arsenal. Disease raged during the siege, and the war-weary councilors of this little free city in Franconia had just received wretched news. The troops they had counted on for relief would not come after all.

These fearful days during the Thirty Years' War of 1618-1648, when a handful of children miraculously averted the wrath of the conquering Swedes, come to life every July in the pageant pictured on pages 257 to 268.

A Child Touches a Conqueror's Heart

The children, so the legend goes, approached the Swedish commander in the market place just as he was about to accept the city's surrender. Infuriated by Dinkelsbühl's stubborn resistance, he was determined to let his troops loot and burn. But one tiny boy reminded him of his own son, who had recently died, and so touched his heart that he spared the city from pillage.

In remembrance of this happy event in 1632, Dinkelsbühl honors its little saviors at the festival of the *Kinderzeche*, or Children's Treat, in a setting that looks like movie scenery for a fairy tale. But during my recent visit to photograph Dinkelsbühl's reliving of the past, I discovered that this romantic backdrop is as authentic as it looks.

Spared by time, the walls and bastions of Dinkelsbühl still stand intact, encircling the town and surmounted by 18 medieval towers. Four additional towers, massive and square, fortify the town gates. Carved stone fountains and half-timbered houses as much as six stories high appear hardly altered in three centuries and more (page 266).

That so many venerable structures remain so well preserved struck me as remarkable enough. But what makes Dinkelsbühl especially noteworthy among medieval towns is that so little has been added through the years to overawe the past.

Even before crossing the moat to the towering Wörnitz Gate, I sensed that this town in the fertile hills of what is now western Bavaria must have dropped off to sleep long ago into lasting tranquillity.

Near by the dark Wörnitz River reflected the walls. It moved slowly as the clouds, and the air was full of the smell of hay and the buzzing of bees.

This quiet present, I learned, stems from the bustle of a thousand years ago. Here, at the crossing of roads from Venice northward to what is now the Netherlands and from Strasbourg east to Vienna, the German King Henry I ordered many of Dinkelsbühl's early fortifications. He commanded that one man in every nine work on the walls, while the other eight should till his field as well as their own and store away a third of the harvest for troubled times.

More walls went up as the town expanded in the 12th and 13th centuries, offering protection to freedmen and runaway serfs alike.

Quarrelsome knights and rebellious peasants terrorized the countryside. But Dinkelsbühl, now proclaimed a free city subject only to the authority of the emperor, flourished behind its solid walls. Its citizens were to be tried nowhere else. Proud of its own courts

and constitution, Dinkelsbühl grew into a miniature republic, fostering crafts and trade.

By imperial decree, cloth made and measured in Dinkelsbühl was not to be measured again elsewhere—a highly prized privilege for its weavers and dyers. Tanners did well, too, and ambitious smiths bought iron in Styria to forge into scythes for sale as far away as Switzerland.

Grain and powder mills sprang up, and a mill to press oil from beech-tree seeds; also establishments to thicken cloth and make it warmer by moistening, heating, and pressing it. An unusual mill became part of the town wall as a fort in its own right. It burned in 1923 but was restored. Swans still glide in the moat that mirrors its walls.

Favorite Stopping Place of Emperors

Dinkelsbühl's prosperity mounted with the imperially granted right to hold annual markets and fairs and to collect custom fees. A further commercial boost was the power to punish anyone who bothered tradesmen headed for the fair. A town gate still shelters a picture of a severed hand with dripping blood, as a warning to itinerant evildoers.

The town's growing wealth was reflected in a new ring of walls and, within it, increasingly impressive buildings, notably St. George's Church. Its Romanesque west portal, dating from 1220, shows inscriptions left by crusaders. But most of the construction was done in the 15th century, resulting in one of southern Germany's most beautiful late Gothic churches.

Emperors liked to stop over in Dinkelsbühl, where they were always welcomed by the town councilors in the market square. They received useful presents as well. Thus Maximilian II and his wife came by on June 12, 1570, and collected, among other things, 14 tubs of pike, 14 tubs of carp, 28 bags of oats, and 21 pails of wine.*

The Town That Slept for Centuries

But 75 years later less gracious visitors brought Dinkelsbühl to the verge of ruin. Here is what happened in one bad year during the Thirty Years' War:

The French took the town in August, after seven days' bombardment. The Bavarians besieged the French in November and threw them out. Before the next harvest was in, the Swedes occupied the town. Then the Bavarians returned.

Dinkelsbühl suffered eight sieges and conquests altogether, and the plague alone killed nearly two-thirds of the town's inhabitants.

In a way Dinkelsbühl can thank the disasters of yesteryear for its prosperity today. Its wealth and commercial influence blown away by war, the town slumbered behind its walls. Industrialization passed it by, and Dinkelsbühl remained forgotten.

Then, late in the last century, artists discovered its rare charm. As one enthusiastic writer put it, Dinkelsbühl recalls the past as impressively as if it had sunk into a flood hundreds of years ago and only just emerged again exactly as it was before. The population today numbers 7,200. But more than 300,000 visitors come each year, and some 45,000 stay at least a night.

An American traveler in Dinkelsbühl some years ago ate *Bratwurst*—pork with spices, fried in a pan. Recently he detoured 80 miles from his route just to eat another Bratwurst there. Even better known are Dinkelsbühl's fried and boiled carp.

But the main attraction is, of course, the festival honoring the children who saved the town. Near-by Rothenburg, by the way, also puts on a pageant to celebrate its escape during the Thirty Years' War. To save his town, the mayor took a dare and downed nearly a gallon of wine in one draught.

Citizens Grow Beards for Festival Roles

Scores of Dinkelsbühlers take part in the week-long festival—dressed as town councilors and guards and Swedish officers and soldiers. Those whose roles call for luxuriant beards start growing them right after New Year's to be properly bewhiskered by July. The festival itself begins with a play representing the beleaguered town council deciding upon surrender. The climax comes in a town square just inside the Wörnitz Gate, when the Swedish commander spares the town for the children's sake (page 264).

"Always remember the debt of thanks you owe them," he says.

And throughout the festivities the children are indeed well remembered. They get more than applause. Each child gets a cornucopia filled with candy and cookies—along with three centuries of gratitude from their fairy-tale town.

* See, in the National Geographic Magazine, "Dinkelsbühl, Romantic Vision From the Past," December, 1931.

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Little Colonel, Atop His Charger, Recites the Children's Plea That Saved Dinkelsbühl

Boys and girls, interceding with Swedish invaders, saved this Bavarian town from sack during the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648). Each summer Dinkelsbühl commemorates the event with the festival of *Kinderzeche* (Children's Treat). Resplendent in 18th-century uniform, this young officer leads the Boys Battalion (background).

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Wigged and Cockaded, Youthful Germans Present Muskets and Pikes

259

Townfolk and Visitors Throng Dinkelsbühl's Sidewalks to the Curbs

"Swedish Invaders" Camp Within Sight→ of Beleaguered Dinkelsbühl

Sweden's standing army in the Thirty Years' War was the envy of a Europe largely dependent on mercenaries. King Gustavus Adolphus forbade his well-paid troops to pillage captured towns. The edict may have helped save Dinkelsbühl, which survived eight sieges during the course of the war.

Townsmen take the part of enemy soldiers in the Kinderzeche. Here they pitch tents in view of the town's old timbered houses.

Page 261, lower: Horn, halberd, and lantern identify the scarlet-clad town crier of Dinkelsbühl. He sings a different verse each hour to tell fellow citizens all is well.

Below: Colonel Sperreuth, the Swedish commander, rides grimly into the town after residents throw open the gates. Infantrymen in striped hose line his triumphal route to the town hall.

Next two pages: The children of Dinkelsbühl, led by a gatekeeper's daughter, march in procession. Legend says Lore, the young heroine, overheard the town council debating surrender. She proposed gathering the children together for an appeal to Sperreuth, whose small son had just died. Deeply impressed, the burgomasters agreed to her plan.

Every other year a new Lore leads the children in parade. They are followed by burgomasters, the Boys Band, and the Boys Battalion.

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Lilly Stunzi (opposite below)

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↑ Young Burghers Ask Mercy "for Your Own Child's Sake"

Kinderzeche comes to a climax at the Wörnitz Gate as Sperreuth (astride his mount) spares the town. "Children are the rescuers of Dinkelsbühl," he tells citizens. "Always remember the debt of thanks you owe them." Church bells ring in celebration.

↓ Solemn Burgomasters Yield Keys to the Treasure Vaults

Waiting for the Swedish colonel's entry into the town, mayor and councilmen stand in fur-trimmed robes and medals of office on the steps of the Rathaus (town hall). Guards are members of the town militia. Men in the back row wear burghers' berets.

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Swordsmen Salute Each Other on Pedestals of Crossed Blades

These students perform the medieval sword dance, a favorite Kinderzeche event. Banner at right bears a double eagle, symbol of the old German empire. Law has robbed the duel of its sanguinary character.

↓ Six-story Deutsches Haus Has Stood Five Centuries

A Dinkelsbühl patrician built this home in 1444. Now a hotel, it overflows with guests at festival time.

Steep gables and half-timbered fronts are typical of the town's houses (opposite). Window frames display the ornate wood carvings of south Germany. Dinkelsbühl's official red and white banner hangs from the building at the left.

↑ Tile Roofs Look Up to a Fairy-tale Tower

Farmers established Dinkelsbühl, one of Franconia's oldest towns, in the 6th or 7th century. Henry I of Germany fortified it in 928. The community became a free imperial city in the 13th century. Later a town council took form; it still exists.

Industrialization in the 19th century passed Dinkelsbühl by. The town preserves a medieval atmosphere.

Prosperous merchants erected these houses. They used the beams projecting at rooftops for hauling goods to attic storerooms.

→Page 267, lower: Dancers take possession of the street during Kinderzeche.

Gilded deer over doorway proclaims an inn.

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268

Costumes and Cone Say Festival Is Near

Kinderzeche began in the 15th or 16th century as a children's school pageant. The saving of Dinkelsbühl was woven in after 1632.

Weeks of preparation go into the celebration, now held each July. Most of the 7,200 townspeople take a hand renovating costumes, training children, and decorating houses.

Youngsters in the Boys Band practice under the town bandmaster. The spit-and-polish Boys Battalion drills endlessly. Uniforms, once Swedish, now are 18th-century German.

Small workers here put finishing touches on a cornucopia. Girl at right sews uniforms for dolls representing the Boys Battalion.

←Blossom-crowned maids compare cones filled with candy and cookies.

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